



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

**W**H. PONTON is again under arrest charged with complicity in the famous Napanee bank robbery, a crime which the Pinkerton detectives once before made overbold efforts to fasten upon him, but when the evidence was laid before Magistrate Daly of Napanee in the preliminary investigation he promptly discharged the young bank clerk, saying that there was absolutely no evidence on which to proceed against him. This meant that the magistrate regarded as spurious the incriminating bits of paper which the foreign detectives claimed to have found in the bottom of a drawer in Ponton's room and on the roof—was it not on a roof—of a building near his room. Although the case has taken on an entirely different complexion, it may not be out of place for me to remind the reading public of a few facts, especially as it is our duty to consider a man innocent until he is proven guilty, and more especially as charges and insinuations against Ponton are being freely published in the press. If it is allowable for detectives to talk in print against a prisoner, it must be permissible to reply in print, and I wish to say that I think no man who had faith in Ponton at the time of his first arrest has reason yet to revise his opinion in the matter.

Ponton's suit for damages against the bank is due to come up for trial very soon, and if these men who have been arrested with the stolen money in their possession are convicted without Ponton being in any way involved, he will probably win his suit and secure heavy damages. But I do not attach importance to this incontrovertible fact any further than it may have appealed to the cunning of the man Pare. The detectives who accused Ponton before the bank case still, and if they prove the guilt of others and exonerate him, how can they explain the evidence they swore to on the former occasion, or how can they abandon that evidence and now ask to be believed in anything? The arrest of Ponton was therefore absolutely inevitable when Pare and Holden or any other men were accused of the crime by the detectives who formerly accused the bank clerk. The bank people naturally, and even necessarily, do not interfere with the developments of the case. It is beyond their control.

As for the published confession of Pare, we must remember that his implication of the bank clerk is not what it would have been had it come from a clear sky. It is like a shower that might easily have been produced by a rain-maker. These very men, Pare and Holden, were arrested before the time of the burglary, detained for a time, and then set free. At the preliminary trial these men were mentioned, and in reply to a question one of the Pinkerton men said in effect that the "two tramps were not traced because they were innocent men." We may presume that the closest enquiry at that time failed to connect the suspect, Ponton, with the two men. But Pare, who has now confessed and accuses Ponton, was comfortably enjoying the proceeds of the burglary during the sensational trial of the bank clerk, and no doubt followed with deep and close attention every printed line relating to his arrest, trial and discharge, and also to his action against the bank for damages. It was this thoroughly posted culprit, shrewdest burglar in the country, who, a fortnight ago, found himself caught, his booty about him, and by the very detectives who had accused Ponton—who had put up evidence against him that the magistrate refused to value, and who had yet to answer in a civil court for defamation of the young man's character. Here was the wily, unscrupulous crook in the toils; here were the detectives who had been hooted and assailed on the streets of Napanee. Pare confessed, and need it surprise us that the confession was of a nature not to offend, but greatly to please, the detectives? I emphatically wish it to be understood that I am not accusing the Pinkerton men of trying to convict an innocent man by means of Pare, but what I do wish to point out is that they are dealing with a man quite as sharp as themselves, a desperate man who knows all that has transpired, and who is not so good that we need hesitate to suspect him of enough knavery to get up a confession of the kind likely to be most satisfactory to his captors and profitable to himself.

What induced Pare to confess? That breed of man does not squeal on his pals without some inducement, and surely this notorious pick-lock, caught with his plunder hidden on his premises, was not guaranteed immunity or clemency for admitting facts already passed by the detectives? What startling information had he to sell, and was it true or false? It was not evidence against himself, for the detectives had to search his house again and again, break up his furniture, and finally split up a coal-box in the wood-shed to find the stolen money. It was not evidence against his partner, Holden, for the detectives already had a man watching his house in Boston, and it was proposed to arrest the two simultaneously. It was not evidence against his sister, who was already under arrest. This ingenious mechanic, this draughtsman, this man who had served two terms in penitentiary and who once before picked a combination lock without possessing the secret, found himself, his sister and his Boston partner all in the toils and most of their plunder seized. He could do nothing. But he could talk. What could he say that would be of any use to him? Whether Ponton was innocent or guilty, Pare knew just how useful would be a confession implicating that young man. He confessed and implicated him. It remains to be seen whether he was promised anything on making this true or false accusation. The *World* has sent a reporter to Napanee and in his despatch which appeared Monday morning is the following:

Whatever was said during the stay of the detectives at the magistrate's house showed that Prisoner Pare was a pet, and that the police were desirous of treating him in royal style. There is little doubt about the fact that Pare has turned Queen's evidence and has given the whole game away. This is borne out by the fact of his having willingly come from Manchester, N.H., by the discovery made by Dougherty immediately after coming back from Manchester, and by the gentle way I do this for you manner in which the prisoner is treated by the police.

The *Globe* correspondent says:

Pare's special meals are prepared by the turnkey, and it is said that the police of Manchester, where he, by the way, made his confession to Chief Healy, stands the bill. The safe-blower's extreme candor in this case is securing for him luxuries which, in his extended experience of prison life, he never encountered before.

How very kind of the remote and disinterested Manchester police! Extreme, indeed, the candor of the safe-blower!

On Tuesday, in the *World*, we find that Ponton in jail reads magazines and is not given daily papers, while Pare "finds much pleasure in reading the reports to be found in the *World*." Why should one prisoner be permitted to educate himself in the developments of the case and not the other? In the same issue of the *World* these lines also appear, in reference to Pare:

He is not charmed with his quarters, and asked the jailer where the furniture was. The opinion is current that Pare would be safe even out on the lawn before the jail. He has everything to gain by staying right here.

What is it that makes the youth Ponton the prime criminal in the eyes of the law, instead of Pare, the twice convicted and much-wanted burglar, or Holden, also twice a seven years man and long sought after for unpunished offences? Is it because of Ponton's suit for damages, and because of the bonds of the guarantee company? What have these civil suits to do with this criminal matter? Ponton may be guilty, and if he is he will be convicted and suffer just punishment, but in the meantime the general public would prefer that the Crown should prosecute and become responsible for all the evidence that is put

forward against him, that it should gather and develop that evidence and not leave matters in interested hands. If it were known that a provincial detective were on the spot to supervise each important step there would be a better feeling throughout the country.

An official is quoted by one correspondent as saying that there is evidence enough to "convict Ponton over and over again." If it is so, very well. If he is guilty then his offence is the greater that he, who has been held in such confidence by so many people, should after all be undeserving of confidence; but let us hope that the evidence is not of the class that was brought against him on the previous occasion, and that the words of the criminal Pare will have no weight whatever unless unmistakably corroborated by other evidence which that shrewd person could not have created for his own succor.

**O**F late in several important cases detectives have conducted themselves in a manner quite opposed to the spirit of our institutions. In one case it was necessary for the bench to remark upon this; yet it is very easy to perceive that an excess of duty on the part of a reputable and responsible Government detective is a very different matter from an excess on the part of an irresponsible private detective or foreigner without local interest or standing. The story given out as coming from the prisoner Mackie and charging the Pinkerton man Dougherty with pressing him for a confession and offering him, in the name of the Attorney-General and B.B. Osler, an acquittal if he would confess everything, (when he claims to have nothing to confess), does not read very plausibly the way it is put by the correspondents. However, the exclusion, for some days, of Ponton's and Mackie's lawyers was an improper proceeding. To another phase of the case it is also necessary to refer, and I beg to call the attention of the Attorney-General to it. There was a bank robbery in Trenton some months

sufficient for the prohibitionist in basing an argument. And we reckon that if he slept ten hours, ate three pounds of bread and three pounds of beef, he could have run the mile in three minutes. Then again, if he slept twelve hours and ate four pounds of bread and four pounds of beef he would make it in two minutes. Further on we would find that if he slept fourteen hours, ate five pounds of bread and five pounds of beef per day he would make it in one minute. By this system of reasoning we could go on to prove that he could make it in less time than it took him to start; that is to say, he would arrive at the ending post before he started. But we must reckon that a man's legs can only move so fast, his stomach can only digest so much, and that there are possibilities which nobody can ignore in feeding and exercising an animal of any kind. The man's stomach and his capacity to move in this illustration make the argument preposterous, and the facts of human nature and the conditions of human life make the prohibitionists' argument impossible. We as the electors of Canada have nothing to do with the building of people, with the regulating of their powers of absorption, with the number of revolutions per minute that they can make with their minds, or their arms, or their legs; we simply have to consider people as they are, or as they can be induced to be.

Take another point. Where have the prohibitionists a single example of a nation that has succeeded in making the inhabitants absolutely sober? We might ask as well, where have we an example of any nation which has been successful in making its people absolutely virtuous, sincerely religious, commercially honest, or perfect in any respect? Adhering to the one point, Canada has a right to ask what precedent it has in attempting prohibition. Sections of countries have attempted the work of making people teetotalers by statutory law, but what country has ever attempted it as a country? And if there is no country which has ever either succeeded in it or even

desire to live as easily as possible; they desire to do as little work as possible; they desire to be as good as possible with the slightest effort. The very impulse of self-indulgence, which is the basis of the strong drink habit, is really the basis of the prohibition propaganda. To be good without an effort would be acceptable to the vilest criminal alive; to be sober without resistance to any possible temptation is the weak prayer of the drunkard; to be virtuous because it is impossible to be vicious is the prayer of the lecher and the profligate; to see the dawn of the millennium would brighten the features of every backslider in the land. But how are we to produce any of these things by passing a law?

**W**HEN we seek the origin and uttermost root of anything, we generally find a better reason for its existence than we had before suspected. Thus, when we look at a court house and regard it as a place where unfortunate litigants are beguiled in their moments of wrath against those who may have dealt unfairly with them, and there shorn of wealth and peace of mind, we have but to go deeper and we find that this was not the original purpose to which the court house was designed, nor is it quite yet so described by the majority of people. The court house originally was a temple built to accommodate the purposes of Justice, a blind goddess incapable of favoritism, and relying implicitly and securely on the zeal of her votaries. In the formative stage of things, the court of law was instituted to serve the needs of Justice. The law was then but the language of the goddess, which the judges and lawyers read and interpreted. Now it is all law and law. The judge is no longer—at least he apparently is no longer the dispenser of mere justice in a cause that may come before him, but the referee who arbitrarily disposes of citizens' lives and fortunes according to the degree of cleverness in technicalities possessed by the rival lawyers who contend in argument before him. With judges whose honesty is above question we see results sometimes that could not have been made worse by judges however corrupt.

In the last municipal election in Toronto, James Gowanlock was elected an alderman for Ward Six. A defeated candidate, Harvey Hall, went before County Judge Macdougall and asked that Gowanlock be unseated for lack of necessary property qualification. The case was heard, and Gowanlock was unseated. Another election was held and Gowanlock again elected over Hall's head, the latter giving notice at the nomination that if Gowanlock was elected he (Hall) would challenge his qualification and claim the seat for himself. Now began a fight in court that has already lasted into the seventh month of the year. The progressive, or rather successive steps leading nowhere in this remarkable suit are as follows: (1) On March 16 of this year A. C. Winton went before the Master-in-Chambers and obtained a fiat to try the validity of Gowanlock's election. (2) On March 21 Harvey Hall secured a similar fiat from County Judge Macdougall. (3) On April 1 the County Judge declared that the Winton proceedings had been taken in collusion with Gowanlock and that he would not recognize the priority of the motion made before the Master, whereupon he was served with an interim order from Mr. Justice MacMahon prohibiting him from going on with the case. (4) On April 4 Mr. Justice Ferguson ordered that the County Judge be prohibited from hearing the motion, but that with the consent of both parties this motion, with the other, might be made returnable before the Master-in-Chambers. (5) On April 23 the Divisional Court set aside this order of Mr. Justice Ferguson. (6) On May 18 Gowanlock applied for leave to appeal to the Court of Appeal from this judgment of the Divisional Court, and leave was granted, but no immediate use was made of it, as all parties agreed to go over to the Master-in-Chambers. (7) On May 20 and 30 and June 3 and 6 the Winton and Hall motions were argued before the Master and judgment reserved. (8) On May 21 Gowanlock filed affidavit charging Hall with bribery during the election. (9) On June 8 counsel for Hall appeared before the Master to arrange for taking evidence before the County Judge in regard to this charge against Hall, and declared, as this seemed to open up new possibilities of delay, that he would withdraw his client's claim to the seat. It was held that Hall could not withdraw his claim to the seat; counsel then offered to accept judgment against his client and pay costs as regarded his claim to the seat. The Master intimated that he could give judgment against Gowanlock on the matter of qualification, but that the charge against Hall must proceed. (10) On June 9 the Winton motion was dismissed without costs. (11) On appeal to Chief Justice Meredith against the Master's order for the taking of evidence against Hall, the appeal was dismissed without costs on the ground of no jurisdiction, the Chief Justice stating that the order should not have been issued, but that he had no power to overrule it. (12) On June 28 the Master-in-Chambers ordered that Gowanlock do not sit in Council nor act on committees of Council until the whole matter is settled. (13) On July 5 evidence was heard before the County Judge on the charge of bribery by Hall. (14) On July 14 the argument on this evidence was heard by the Master-in-Chambers. Judgment was reserved.

If the reader has been able to make head or tail of this whole business as here stated—and I have tried to be as lucid and methodical as possible—it will be highly gratifying to me. What is the whole blooming row about? After six months of lawsuits there seems to have been no result but that Ald. Gowanlock shall not attend Council nor sit on committees during a hot month when there are no such meetings to attend nor committees to sit on, and during a time when he is compelled by private business, I understand, to be out of town and would require leave of absence. And where is it going to end? Is Hall going to be unseated from a seat that he doesn't sit in? Every elector in Ward Six should engage a lawyer to protect him, else he may be sent to penitentiary before the ramifications of this case are settled. Gowanlock was declared to lack qualification as an alderman; he was re-elected immediately, and the question arose whether he had made good his qualification. Six months of hard lawsuits have not yet extorted an answer from our courts. As an elector of Ward Six I venture to express the opinion that this delay should not be possible, and that no scheme of manoeuvring should be permitted to befog and lose the original and only question that affected the public interest. This is an outside opinion, but the interests prejudiced by this case are vital to the welfare of outsiders and electors and plain people who do not care to pay the expense of finding out just where one judge's prerogatives end and another's begin. If it takes seven months and a barrel of money to find out whether an alderman has the necessary property qualifications to hold his seat, we might as well dispense with property qualifications altogether, and leave courts alone, and let things go promptly to pot. The delays and entanglements of this case have been exceptional, and while the results may be valuable in deciding future cases, yet it must seem hard on the poor fellows whose goods and chattels are being eaten up in costs. During the progress of this case arguments have been made before County Judge Macdougall, Master-in-Chambers Winchester, Mr. Justice MacMahon, Mr. Justice Ferguson and Chief Justice Meredith—before some of these many appearances and prolonged and repeated arguments—and at the basis of it all a mere question as to how much real property was owned by James Gowanlock. It should not be possible to so protract such a suit.

**T**HAT it is much easier to get into trouble than to get out of it again has been discovered by many a man and many a nation, and it is very probable that the United States is



1, Mayor Shaw of Toronto. 2, Mrs. Shaw. 3, Mr. E. J. Lennox, the architect. 4, Ald. Edward Hanlan. 5, Ald. Hubbard. 6, Ex-Ald. Steinart. 7, Ald. Hallam. 8, Ald. Leslie. 9, Ald. Dunn. 10, City Treasurer Coady. 11, Mr. Peter Ryan. 12, Ald. Burns. 13, Ald. Davies. 14, Ald. Bryce.

This photograph was made by J. Bruce, the photographer, who, like most of the others, was drawn up to the top of the tower (a height of 240 feet) in the basket or box used by the workmen in hauling up materials. It looked like a very perilous trip to those standing on the ground or viewing it from neighboring buildings. An idea of the scene may be gathered from the drawing by Kyle on page 2. The last stone of the tower was laid by Mayor Shaw, and the guests were then entertained at "high tea."

## Group Picture taken on the Tower of Toronto's New City Hall.

before the Napanee crime, and in both cases the safes were alike and were similarly plundered. Pare and his gang are generally suspected of the Trenton burglary, and it is argued that if Pare worked the Trenton vault without "inside influence" he also could handle the Napanee vault without the criminal aid of a bank clerk. The truth is what we want. If Pare is guilty of two burglaries down there it may be presumed that the Crown would be glad to know it. But the experts who are working on the Napanee case seem anxious to exculpate Pare of the Trenton charge. Let the Attorney-General consider this paragraph from the correspondence to the *Globe*:

Pare, if he did work on another job in Ontario, evidently secured a fresh lot of tools to execute the Napanee robbery; for his appliances, although now coated with rust, through being buried for so long, are new, and the brace especially is shown to have never been used before. The kit is still in possession of Chief Adams. The different pieces will not be cleansed of the rust until after the trial.

This is evidently inspired by a detective, as no reporter would pretend to say that tools, dug up out of the ground after so long a time as is supposed to have elapsed, were new tools, had been used once, but had not been used twice. This is a little too much for a reporter to venture on alone, and I submit, it is too much for a detective or a dozen of them to dispose of in any such off-hand manner. Those tools may have been used at Trenton by Pare; but even if not, he may have committed that burglary. Why this anxiety to pronounce those tools new—used once but not twice? Apparently because if it turns out that Pare and his gang of accomplished pick-locks plundered the Trenton bank by means of their own unaided skill, the inference will be that they also were unaided in plundering the exactly similar vault and safe at Napanee, and the case against Ponton loses almost its entire force. It will be seen, then, that this whole case is so tremendously complicated that it is no longer safe to leave it in the hands of private investigators or to officers or detectives who are not completely and directly responsible to the Attorney-General. I have sometimes criticized Provincial Detective Murray, yet it would re-assure the public if he were sent down to take this case out of unofficial hands—either he or Grier or Rogers.

**T**HE movement to take public control of private stomachs, though sound in its impulse, will prove defective in performance for physical reasons which we can neither deny nor change. Take the example of a runner who can run a mile in five minutes. The statistician immediately makes it a point to discover what the man ate and drank, how much he slept. We find that he slept six hours, ate a pound of bread and a pound of beef per day, and we take a piece of paper and figure that if he had slept eight hours, eaten two pounds of bread and two pounds of beef, he would have been able to make a mile in four minutes. These may not be the exact facts, but there is

attempted it, why should Canada be the pioneer where all the conditions make it the last country in the world which should attempt such a thing? It has an extraordinary boundary line, defined in its most important regard by a parallel of latitude with a lake and sea coast which is it absolutely impossible to protect, and which makes it not only difficult but absolutely impossible to prevent smuggling unless almost the entire population devotes its time and energies to the exclusion of one thing which the majority of people do not use, while the time and the energies of the people are necessarily involved in the production of that which everybody uses—the bread and meat upon which to exist.

Infringing a little bit upon the moral phase of the question, which has really very little to do with the matter in hand, let us ask the question how it is that the great Northern nations dominate the world while they are beer-drinkers and very large consumers of spirits, while the Southern nations, which consume neither, are passing away as political forces. There are, perhaps, no nations in the world so sober as the Latin nations, both in America and Europe, excepting those to whom the tempting proportions of alcohol have not been offered. Can the people who are so fierce in battle and so dominant in politics, so thoroughly assertive in diplomacy, be told that they must relinquish a right? It must be easy for every reader to see that the very impulses which furnish the power ruling the world are struck at when individual responsibility is cancelled by arbitrary enactment of law.

If this, then, be a correct glimpse at the historical facts, the prohibitionists have before them the extraordinary task of remoulding a Northern nation; of putting new absorptive and digestive powers into Northern stomachs; of denying to those who have ruled the world rights which they have inherited and exercised; of recasting all the laws which have restrained excesses in these matters; of going backwards to do a progressive thing—in forbidding that which has been licensed; of taking out of the hands of the police and the preventive officer duties which have hitherto been performed by them; of recreating the avenues of revenue; of making temperance a burden instead of an ordinary moral and police measure; of making forced piety out of what is, if it succeeds, a purely political and economic measure; and lastly, of presuming on a public sentiment which does not exist, of placing the people of the world in a position of non-temptation which was not afforded when the Creator placed Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. To do all these things is an extraordinary and impossible task. Those who are attempting it are few in numbers, and are uninfluential except that they appeal to one particular sentiment which is very strong in humanity everywhere. The sentiment referred to is that the people of this world



about to experience this. In the Pacific, Admiral Dewey is kept in hot water by the open sympathy of the German Admiral Von Diederichs for the cause of Spain, and the question as to what is to be done with the Philippines after they are thoroughly captured is so difficult a one that it is easier to remain at war than to arrive at so-called peace and face this dangerous problem. And in the Atlantic the republic has on its hands the same disastrous fruits of victory. While Admiral Dewey is sending a messenger to the German Admiral to demand whether the United States and Germany are at war or in peace, an officer comes to Admiral Sampson and points out to him a flag flying at Santiago. "What flag is that?" demands Sampson. "The Cuban flag, sir," replies the officer, whereupon the Admiral gives a shrug of contempt and turns away just as a horseman rides under the banner of the Cuban patriots and with his sabre cuts it down.

What is the republic to do with the Philippines—what with Cuba? The silence about free Cuba grows oppressive. And here is Admiral Sampson shrugging his shoulders at the flag of free Cuba, and here a horseman hewing it down with his republican sabre. What are we to understand? The United States Congress assured the world that the war was begun in the interests of humanity—to set the Cubans free, to feed the starving *reconcentrados*, and generally to bring an intolerable nuisance to an end and stop the slaughter continually going on under the very windows of the United States. It was not to be a war of conquest, but of freedom. The expressions of many newspapers and public men could be quoted showing a considerable change in sentiment since the beginning of the war, and it is now reasonably certain that the prediction made some time ago in these columns will come true, and Cuba will not be set free, but will be a possession of the United States. The San Francisco *Argonaut* opposed this war, yet when hostilities began it came out bluntly and declared that this was not a holy war, but one of revenge and conquest and would require to be so regarded and persevered in as such. An indignant storm burst upon that paper, but it now challenges its critics to proceed with their cry that Cuba shall be handed over to the



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natives. It derisively calls on them to speak up, but tells them that the fact that a new-declared congress disclaimed the intention of seizing Cuba is no more binding than the acts of those other dead congresses that legalized slavery. This may surprise nations that are governed by governments; but this neighboring nation, governed by daily newspapers, will see nothing odd in ignoring the disclaimer of Congress and will cheerfully fight the earth if the press will hurrah them along.

To understand the feeling that moves, or will move, the United States, let me quote the paper alluded to: "This war may have been declared by Congress. But it is waged by the American people, and the American people will carry it out in their own way. It is not being fought to succor the *reconcentrados*. It is not being fought to free Cuba. It is not being fought to give Cuba to the Cubans. It is being fought to revenge the Maine and to punish Spain. 'Remember the Maine!' That is what the American soldiers and sailors are fighting for; that is what their signals say when they flutter from the ships' masts; that is what the American sailors shout as they send their death-dealing shells crashing through the Spanish ships; that is what the American soldiers cry as they storm the Spanish intrenchments. This war is not a philanthropic war. It is a war of revenge. It matters naught what demagogic senators think or say. This is what the fighters say and think. Again we say to hyper-conscientious people that we are sorry for our brutal way of telling truths should hurt their feelings. We hurt their feelings when we said, two months ago, that this was not a holy war. Perhaps we hurt them now. But we beg most respectfully to assure the philanthropists, the hyper-conscientious people, and the Foraker Morgan gang of senators, that this country is not going to fertilize Cuba with the bodies of American soldiers in order to enable Cuban insurgents to raise good crops of sugar-cane."

It is a little bit amusing to see various religious denominations contending for the honor of being able to boast of Admiral Dewey as a member. For some reason not quite apparent it is regarded as a triumph for the creed or denomination that boasts the man who sent so many hundreds or thousands of Spaniards to death unshriven. The dispute in some of the papers over in the United States has been lively, and in the Toronto *Globe* of Wednesday appeared this announcement: "Rev. Joseph Hamilton of Mimico will preach in Knox Church next Sunday morning and evening. It is an interesting fact that Admiral Sampson and Commodore Watson were members of Mr. Hamilton's congregation in Vallejo, California, a few years ago; the same church where Admiral Dewey was an elder more recently." This brings the vast matter to our very doors. At first it was asserted that Dewey was a Roman Catholic, and then a Presbyterian. Rev. Joseph Hamilton of Mimico apparently holds to this, but "it is an interesting fact" that a correspondent writes to the New York *Tribune* to say that Admiral Dewey's relatives have authorized the statement that he is and always has been an Episcopalian, and this authorized statement has been published by Rev. A. N. Lewis, of Montpelier, Vermont. Perhaps it would suffice if we should all agree that he is a plucky seaman and a marvelous hand at smashing wooden Spanish ships.

#### A Trip to Ireland.

AFTER a very pleasant sail from Quebec, and sighting as many as eleven snow-capped, crystal icebergs, we find ourselves in mid ocean, with nothing but the clear blue sky above and the undulating water beneath, seemingly bound on a special errand other than our own, until one stormy day, when they seemed to be fulfilling their errand in tossing us very unwillingly at their own pleasure. At early morn, several days later, our anticipations were gratified in the distant sight of the Irish mountains, after which we knew our journey to Liverpool would be of short duration. On the following day we landed and were escorted to the custom office,

where the authorities examined our baggage in search for tobacco, cigars, music, etc., which we were told were dutiable. Thinking a few words on the tariff would be of interest to Canadians I procured with difficulty a book on the same and find only a few things dutiable: Plug tobacco, 92c. per lb.; cigars, \$1.20 per lb.; cigarettes, 82c. per lb.; raw leaf, 40c. and 72c. according to rate of moisture; wine, 24c. per gallon; whiskey and spirits, \$2.50 per proof gallon; liqueurs, \$3.36 per liquid gallon; perfumed spirits, \$4.14 per proof gallon; and tea, 8c. per lb. Britain is a very large importer of tea, having imported last year 260,800,411 lbs. I might say here that wagons call on the merchants and buy the empty tea-chests with lead at one shilling, cooper them up, roll out the lead, and sell them at half a crown. Britain imported last year 2,936,882 lbs. of cigars and 1,007,509 lbs. of plug tobacco.

A most striking feature to a Canadian in England is the railway trains, which I must say are very inferior to those of America. If you can imagine half a dozen of hotel buses without wheels placed across a flat car (doors at both ends) you will have a good impression of an English first-class railway carriage, second and third class similar, only not so well gotten up. Freight cars are the same size as the old bob-tail Toronto street cars, roughly made without windows, and are marked to contain three tons only, and the reader will know that American freight cars have a capacity of fifteen tons. If the Toronto Mayor and aldermen could run in to Liverpool station in a C. P. R. vestibule train they would readily be taken for the Czar of Russia with escort. English engines are small and travel quickly, and if there be a dozen or more cars same as described it would necessitate the attachment of two engines.

Leaving busy Liverpool, its winding streets, massive business houses and cobble-stone streets, one lands at the docks, which are over six miles long, built of solid masonry, with quay space and basins of a total of nearly nineteen miles, and water area of 280 acres. I eventually find the boat for Dublin and enjoy a pleasant night's sail, arriving at Dublin at 4.30 a.m. Hurrying to an hotel I find I must walk the streets till seven o'clock, when the doors of hotels are permitted to be opened; nothing seems to stir much in Dublin till 8 a.m. General stores open at 9 a.m., and offices at from 9.30 to 10.30—and people say Canada is slow. In entering a dry-goods store to buy clean linen I was critically eyed with a tone that meant "What are you doing buying at such an unearthly hour?" It was then 10.15 and the store was just being put in order.

There is posted in conspicuous places, "Keep to your right," and in the face of that all street cars, buggies and cycles run on the left side of the road. I am pleased that I am walking, as I would be very much misled.

The Irish Parliament House is well worth a visit. Furniture and carpets are of the best, and on the walls will be found battle scenes cleverly woven by hand in tapestry, size about 12 x 8 feet, most notable of which is William Crossing the Boyne and the Siege of Derry. Everything in the House seems ready for business, and one would fancy that they expected to begin any day. Perhaps they do!

It seems odd to enter a grocery store in Dublin and find a woman buying groceries and a man standing beside her drinking liquor by the glass, but such is a common occurrence in Ireland.

This week is the eighth annual meeting of the British Grocers' Conference, and is held in Dublin. I was introduced to the secretary by two large business houses, and was pleased to be entertained at the reception last evening. I have an invitation to an Irish model farm, and you may hear from me again in the interests of eggs, poultry and beef.

WILL WADELL.

Dublin, Ireland, July 18.

#### Notes on the War.

London Globe.

When General Shafter went ashore on Wednesday an orderly was waiting for him with a gigantic horse. General Shafter is himself a giant, and the sight of this Goliath struggling to mount the huge horse is described by a newspaper correspondent as being "so comic that the crowd of soldiers on the beach laughed and cheered by turns." Such is discipline. When Tommy Atkins takes to chaffing Captain Ames for his bulk, or Lord Roberts for his want of bulk, we shall be a real military nation.

Was there ever such irony of fate as the action between the U. S. Corsair and the Spanish destroyers *Furor* and *Pluton*? These destroyers were at the outset of the war regarded as the chief menace to the States, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem *The Destroyers* pictures how such craft were supposed to have battleships at their mercy. And the "auxiliary cruiser" *Corsair* which destroyed the destroyers was, a year ago, only Mr. Pierpont Morgan's yacht.

According to Spanish telegrams, the entire force engaged in the battle of Caney numbered 2,000, and of these, according to American telegrams, 5,000 were killed and wounded. Was there ever such a bloody war? We are reminded of some military manoeuvres in India, when a veteran colonel deceived the enemy (and the umpires) by deploying 200 men of his regiment in front of a position, while the main body outflanked it by advancing up a dry watercourse out of sight. Down galloped an umpire. "Put 500 of your men out of action, sir!" "Well," said the old Colonel, "this is the bloodiest—""What do you mean, sir?" "Well, I've only 200 men, and you tell me to put 500 out of action! It's the bloodiest battle I've ever been in." But the umpire did not wait to hear the end; and the position was taken.

"Have you heard the report from Washington that the Navy Department has advertised for five hundred cats?" "No; what for?" "To take the Canaries."—*The Independent*.

Johnny—Pa, what's the difference between puncture and punctuation? Pa—Not a great deal, my son. They both cause one to stop.—*Boston Transcript*.

#### Being Drawn Up the City Hall Tower.



(In the crowd below, as the bucket loaded with people nears the top of the 250 foot tower.)  
"None of that in ours, thank you. Eh, Bill?"  
"No, siree. One drop would be enough for me."

#### Social and Personal.



THE Island dances have emphatically become the fashion. Last Friday scores of people came over and crowded the splendid dancing-room—in fact, so much so that it has become necessary to issue regulations, which appear elsewhere, to keep enough room for Islanders to dance at their own hop. The string orchestra has been engaged for the season, and a boat at half-past eleven gives an extra hour, which is much appreciated. At the dance last Friday several visiting strangers were much admired for one trait which is a sure passport to favor. They "danced in such a way no sun upon an April day was half so fair a sight," as the poet puts it. Except the Island dances, a few bicycle parties, and a few pretty little luncheons given for summer sojourners from abroad, there have been no social gatherings this week. The brides and bridegrooms are all married and enjoying their honeymoon at the seaside or in the mountains. The smart hostesses are many of them taking a well-earned rest, consisting largely of siestas and ice-cream courses, in the retreats of ruraldom. Muskoka is filling up as usual, and every lake resort is capably patronized this season. If this hot spell continues, Toronto will be a city of rest for all who are in town, either from necessity or choice, for the next few weeks. Then come the preparations for the Fair, and the regatta midway between. The Aberdeens are to be here for the Exhibition opening, and will say farewell to us all at that time. Their household is now somewhat scattered. His Excellency and the Countess are out west, the olive-branches holidaying at the seaside, and the aides scattered to the four winds.

The sad and sudden tragedy resulting in the death of the wife of Rev. Dr. Bethune, principal of Trinity School, Port Hope, shocked all the friends of the deceased lady and afflicted a very large family connection. Mrs. Bethune was driving out, when the horses took fright, and she was thrown and died from her injuries. Following so close upon the death of our late brilliant fellow-townsmen in the same way, this sad event has made timid persons loth to trust precious lives in the most safe of conveyances.

The young ladies from Dundonald and the big mansion in Wellington street are having a cousinly good time at the seaside during the heated term. Miss Mackay is always one of the most chic of the summer girls, and the Misses Mortimer Clarke and their exquisite toilettes the admired of all.

In the death of Mr. Henry Carey Boulton Toronto loses one of her best known individuals, whose quiet little figure might have been seen daily on Toronto street slipping from car to office and back again, the tiniest, frailest and quietest man in all the great business center. Those who knew him and understood him appreciated the small reserved person, but to the many he was a shadow which passed them by, hinting of old times and old fashions. As a business office hand he was marvelously accurate and reliable. His home in Harrison street was built by his mother, who, as "Aunt Fanny Boulton," was known as the oddest, cleverest and most kind-hearted old lady on the face of the earth. In her wide circle of friends, the very elite of Toronto, she was always "Aunt Fanny," and scarcely a home is without one of her queer and sometimes very *apropos* gifts.

At Walmer road Baptist church on Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. George Crichton Poole was united in marriage to Miss Ella G. Toye. Rev. A. J. Toye, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. W. W. Weekes, performed the ceremony. The groomsmen were Mr. George Elliott, and the bridesmaids, Miss Jean Craig and Miss Florence Roberts. Messrs. Frank Ford, William Poole, A. Roberts and Charles E. Toye acted as ushers. The bride looked pretty gowned in white silk, with pearl and white chiffon trimmings, tulle veil, orange blossoms, and carrying a bunch of white roses and ferns. Miss Craig wore a becoming dress of yellow silk, and Miss Roberts a dress of white organdie over pale heliotrope, and carried a bouquet of nasturtium and ferns, as did the first bridesmaid. The little Misses Wilson, carrying flowers of the same kind and dressed in dotted muslin, acted as maids of honor. After the quiet and pretty ceremony a reception was held at 180 Euclid avenue, at which there was a large attendance of the newly-married couple's family connections. A large number of presents were to be seen there, and speeches of a happy and complimentary nature were made. Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. John Moss of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. H. H. Stovel of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cook of Mount Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breathwaite of Norwalk, Ohio; Dr. John Webster of Kingston, Mr. W. C. Poole of Oxford, Mich., Prof. and Mrs. Robertson of Victoria University, Rev. W. W. Weekes, Mr. and Mrs. S. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. E. Poole, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. St. John, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Stovel, Miss C. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Poole, Miss Cara Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ford, Mr. and Mrs. James Roberts and family, Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Miss Polly Wilson, Miss Ella Duffin, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Walford, Miss Alice Walford, Mr. and Mrs. William Vary, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dawson, Mrs. B. B. and Miss Ettie Toye, Miss Bella Toye, and Mr. Joseph Shortt. Mr. and Mrs. Poole left for Northern Ontario the following day.

Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, was on Monday evening the rendezvous of a large number of society people from Orillia, in addition to its present smart *coterie*, and the *raison d'être* of the gathering was a most enjoyable dance, which was attended by about one hundred guests from the adjacent towns of Barrie, Orillia, etc., who were brought in on time by special steamers. The big dining-room was utilized as a splendid *salon de danse*, and the wide verandas, the happy hunting-grounds of young couples at the typical summer hotel, were ideal promenades. A string quartette furnished excellent dance music, and light refreshments were served by the management, which, by the way, is capably carried on by Albert Williams of Toronto. Monday was a clear starlit evening, and the cool air, after a warm day, was most refreshing.

Signor Gonzalo Nunez, the Spanish pianist, who is now visiting our shores, charmed a large number of society people at his recital at Gore Vale last Tuesday. The Cuban Dances selection, which he himself composed, based upon some of the characteristic rhythms of the native Cuban music, were especially appreciated. Some of his listeners were: Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith, Mrs. Percival Greene, Miss Burns, Mr. F. Burns, Mr. Coffee, Mr. Chadwick of Guelph, Miss Campbell, Miss Wallbridge, Mr. Charles Ross, Mr. King, Mr. Ramsden, Mrs. Harry Wright, Mrs. Huston, Miss Huston and Miss Margaret Huston, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gillespie, Captain Musson, Mrs. Le Tour, Mr. and Miss Devany of St. Catharines, Major Dixon, Miss Doyle, Mrs. and Miss Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Collins of Austin, Texas, and many others.

A large number of Torontonians are enjoying the delights of the Georgian Bay this summer. The Penetanguishene and Parry Sound Hotel registers bristle with Toronto names.

There will be an aching void in the spectators' gallery when the Legislature opens on the third of next month. No invitations have been issued to outsiders nor will any be. The leaders anticipate trouble and want all members to be in their seats.

Mr. Mackenzie returned from England last Tuesday. Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie met him at New York and accompanied him home.



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TORONTO.



## Social and Personal.

The guests at Niagara-on-the-Lake had a right merry time on Friday evening, when the ball-room was the scene of a merry dance and the prizes for the Tennis Tournament were presented. The cotillion was danced with much verve by a large party of guests, both sides of the line being charmingly represented. Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. R. W. P. Matthews presented the prizes and much enthusiasm was evoked as they were bestowed upon the victors. The terpsichorean part of the programme was of unusual interest, and took the form of an Anglo-American grand march—the *vis-a-vis* representing severally the national flags of England and the United States. The favors and figures carried out the alliance idea, and at every opportune point the Stars and Stripes were intermingled with the Union Jack amid great enthusiasm. In the grand march, which opened the ball, lines on opposite sides of the room were formed, and one side was garbed and adorned with the national flag of the United States, while the other side represented England, the two lines joining down the center of the hall and marching to a medley of The Star Spangled Banner and God Save the Queen. The climax was reached when, in one of the figures, a bannerette with a broom inscribed on one side, "Santiago, July 11," and on the other, "The Yanko-Spanko-Blanco-Glory," was borne aloft down the hall amid a tremendous burst of cheering. The leader was Mr. C. Whitbeck of Harvard. Those taking part were: Mr. C. Whitbeck of Rochester, Mr. Scott Griffin of Toronto, Mr. O. Horstmann of Washington, Mr. Leo Ware of Harvard, Mr. R. H. Carleton of Harvard, Mr. M. D. Whitman of Harvard, Mr. J. Forbes of Harvard, Mr. E. Fischer of New York, Mr. E. Osborne of Toronto, Mr. C. W. Bell of Toronto, Mr. H. Sowers of Washington, Mr. Beals Wright of Boston, Mr. H. Birge of Buffalo, Mr. P. Wright of Buffalo, Mr. Casey Wood of Toronto, Mr. Sidney Small of Toronto, Mr. Ralph McKittrick of St. Louis, Mr. J. Foy of Toronto, Mr. S. Kotani of St. Louis, Miss Lantz of Buffalo, Miss Munzinger of Toronto, Miss Ritchie of Ottawa, the Misses Horstmann of Washington, Miss Warren of Toronto, Miss Buchanan of Toronto, Miss M. Winnett of Toronto, Miss Wimer of Washington, Miss Nordheimer of Toronto, Miss Wills of Baltimore, Miss Sizer of Buffalo, Miss Dobbins of Buffalo, Miss Birge of Buffalo, Miss Sowers of Washington, the Misses Worthington of Washington, Miss Hutchinson of St. Louis, and Miss Fletcher of Buffalo.

Miss Harriet Leverich left on Tuesday for an extended visit in the States. Mrs. Leverich and Miss Leverich took the trip to the Falls by the Corona in her company.

Mr. Martland was in town and returned to Niagara on Tuesday. Miss Sasha Young is visiting friends in town. Mr. Charles Dencker, the young German officer who has been visiting in Toronto, left for Cincinnati last week.

On Tuesday Lewiston was a busy place, for there the conquering heroes of the aquatic sporting fraternity were superintending the safe transit and packing of their frail shells from boat to train, and friends exchanged greetings and good wishes with the brawny giants who were on their way to Philadelphia. With Ned Hanlan as general caretaker and chaperon and Bert Barker as coxswain, our big boys left, followed by many a lucky incantation.

The dances at the various summer resorts have a trick of dragging when the night is warm and the young folks have been picnicking or canoeing all day long. Special features are always welcome. The neektie dance reserves some popular number for its own. The girls make the neektie, and also knots of the same color for their frocks, and the young men coming into the ball-room take a neektie from the box in which they are hidden and search for the maiden whose decoration corresponds. She ties the trifle upon the trifle's neck and they dance together, he and she. Another amusing figure is the thread of fate. A thoroughly gotten up old witch stands at the ball-room door. In her fingers she holds many strands of colored cord—black, white, pink, red and yellow, blues dark and pale, every shade one can secure at the notion shops in the city. To each man desirous of dancing she gives an end, and he must search, cobweb party fashion, through devious windings and turnings for the other end of his thread of fate, to which is fastened an envelope containing the name of his partner. The envelope ends should be pinned high upon a curtain in the ball-room, and the ladies there await with more or less patience and expectancy the arrival of the groping men. It is rather fun to see the belle of the party sometimes sitting solitary while her partner careers up and down stairs and crawls under furniture after his bewildering cord, and is distanced by all the other nimble cavaliers. Sometimes each girl is provided with a box of blocks, or squares of "alphabet" paper. Enough letters to spell the name of the most popular beau, minus one important letter, are given in each lot; then others are added to spell out the name of every gentleman. To one girl falls the lot of letters exactly spelling the "catch" of the party's Sunday name. It is funny to see each girl who wants him trying to find the missing letter in her lot, and to watch the careful difference of the girl who knows she has got him! Such devices as the above help to bestow the needed fillip to the faded interest of the young folks who have danced through the midnight hours all winter long.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harcourt of St. George street have been spending a few days with Mrs. Willie Davidson at Roach's Point. Mrs. H. C. Gooderham has also been staying with Mrs. Willie Macdonald at her summer house at Roach's Point.

At St. Philip's church, Petros, on Wednesday morning, July 13, Mr. J. F. McGarvey of Bowmanville and Miss Lizzie Duggan of Enniskillen were united in marriage. The impressive ceremony was solemnized at ten o'clock by Rev. Father Gnam, assisted by Rev. Father McKeown of Strathroy, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. The bride was gowned in a beautiful white brocade satin, with bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of pale yellow roses. She was attended by Miss Genevieve Duggan, who wore Nile green silk with an overdress of white organdie and carried pink flowers. Mr. M. Hassett of St. Mary's was best man. Misses Madge O'Leary and Cora Marshall made very pretty little maids of honor. Many handsome presents were received by the bride, who is well and favorably known throughout the county. The groom is a cousin of Mr. W. H. McGarvey, who is extensively interested in the oil fields of Austria. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. Maurice Duggan, and in the evening a large party was also given. Mr. and Mrs. McGarvey left on Thursday evening for a visit at London, Toronto and the Falls before taking up their residence in Bowmanville.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Messer of Washington, D. C., passed through the city on Friday on their way home after spending a few weeks in Muskoka. Mr. Messer will be remembered as an old Toronto boy and an ex-member of the Queen's Own Rifles.

Mrs. S. E. Moyer and Miss Edith, of Berlin, returned from an extensive trip down the St. Lawrence as far as Saguenay, visiting Quebec city, St. Anne's and Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hunter are at their summer home, Pepacton, Stony Lake.

At a meeting of the committee of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association held Monday night, instructions were given that in future all guests or visitors attending the weekly dances should be accompanied by a member of the Association.

Mr. Frank W. Jackson, a former Torontonian who has for the last few years been a resident of Boca del Toro, South America, has lately received the appointment of British Consul for the Republic of Colombia. His many friends will be glad to hear of the honor conferred upon him, and to learn that he enjoys the distinction of being the youngest consul in the British service.

Mr. "Ralph" Axton of Brantford, the very popular young cyclist, spent Saturday in town.

His Honor Judge Morson, honorary president of Osgoode Hall A.A.A., was on a short visit to Old Orchard Beach last week, where he gained no small "coat of sunburn."

Mr. Thomas Hobbs, the popular ex-M.P.P. of London, who was suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, is sufficiently recovered to leave the General Hospital here.

Mr. Frank Hobbs, of sporting fame at Bishop Ridley College, has returned home from his Toronto visit to friends.

Mr. Ralph C. Ripley, the popular young Hamilton insurance man and athlete, spent the end of the week in town. Mr. Ripley is president of the Hamilton Crescent and is one of Hamilton's bright young men.

Mr. John W. Trowne, a very popular young Buffalo railway man, is in town on a short visit to his parents. Mr. "Jack" Trowne is a former Toronto "Varsity" man, and is doing well in Buffalo.

Messrs. Ridley Wylie, John Herring and A. K. McLaren, three young Hamiltonians, are on a cruise of Lake Ontario.

Miss Ethel Byfield of Boston is a bright young visitor of Mrs. Edward Byfield's at Balm Beach.

A Niagara-on-the-Lake correspondent writes: Mrs. Plumb has returned to England after spending a very pleasant season here. Miss Geale of Toronto has been visiting Mrs. Wylie Grier. Rev. Sydney Goodman of St. Luke's, Toronto, spent Sunday last with Captain and Mrs. Percy Beale. Mrs. and Miss Harcourt, Mrs. Small, Mr. and Mrs. E. Newman of St. George street and Mr. Strathroy of Queen's Park are among the visitors here just now.

## Society at the Capital.

Many and sincere were the regrets expressed at the station on Wednesday last by the large number of people assembled to bid Good-bye to Major-General and Mrs. Gascoigne, who left for England. Before the train departed two large and very handsome bouquets of roses were presented to Mrs. Gascoigne by the officers of the Guards and Bird Rifles. Amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and the sound of hearty cheers the train steamed out, carrying away another of our commanding officers from the Canadian capital.

Sir James Rivett Carnac, Bart., Lady Carnac and Miss Carnac, who have been in Ottawa for some time, sailed from Montreal last Thursday on the Parisian. The Carnacs have a very handsome place at Weybridge, Riverdene by name. On the same steamer was Ven. Dean Lauder, who is going to spend the next six weeks abroad.

Hon. Mr. Scott, Secretary of State, got back to town on Thursday from a short visit to the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Scott left his eldest daughter at Summerside, P.E.I., as the guest of Mrs. Pope, mother of Mr. Joseph Pope, Under Secretary of State.

A very handsome photo of Her Majesty the May Queen has been sent to each of the learned councillors by the Countess of Aberdeen.

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Mr. Charles Cambie of Toronto arrived in town last week for the purpose of accompanying his mother to Riviere du Loup for the remainder of the summer.

Baron Herschell, Lord Chancellor of England, who is to be Sir Julian Pauncefoot's co-representative at the Quebec Conference, is expected to arrive in Ottawa the first week in August to confer with the Prime Minister.

Mr. Edward Grant, youngest son of Sir James Grant, is to be married at Perth, Scotland, on August 4 to Miss Pullar. Sir James Grant, who is attending the meeting of the British Medical Association in England, will be present at the wedding.

Looking very well after his recent illness, Sir Adolphe Caron arrived in town from New York on Friday morning. A number of friends and relatives assembled at the station to bid Sir Adolphe welcome home.

Mr. Smart, Deputy Minister of the Interior, and Mrs. Smart are staying at that popular summer resort Fernbank on the St. Lawrence.

The Earl of Strathbrooke, who is to visit Canada in command of Volunteer Artillery contingent, is to be accompanied by his bride, a daughter of the late Major General Keith-Fraser. Lord Strathbrooke is a brother of Lady Adela Cochrane, whose husband, Mr. T. B. H. Cochrane, is Deputy Governor of the Isle of Wight, besides being the owner of a large ranch in the North-West. During a portion of their visit Lord and Lady Strathbrooke will be the guests of Their Excellencies at Rideau Hall.

Miss Hamilton, eldest daughter of the

Bishop of Ottawa, is to be married in August to Rev. Mr. Smith, curate of St. John's church, Montreal. The marriage is to take place in Cacouna, and will be attended by the many people who spend the months of July and August at that fashionable summer resort.

Sir Sandford Fleming, accompanied by his niece, Miss Smith, left on Thursday to spend the summer at Halifax, N.S.

Dr. Hewitt, His Excellency's private secretary, has received the appointment of acting-secretary to the Gladstone memorial fund in England.

Ottawa, July 19, 1898.

## A Disconcerted Patriot.

Chicago Post.

HE looked very determined when he entered the recruiting office and walked up to the officer in charge.

"The boys down our way," he said, "told me I was afraid to enlist. They've just been daring me ever since this war broke out, so something had to be done."

"And that's why you're here?" suggested the recruiting-officer in a tone of enquiry.

"Yes, sir; that's why I'm here," answered the stranger. "There can't anybody take a whack at my patriotism and my courage and get away with the bluff. I'm here to get in line to do up the Spanish, and I don't want anyone to forget it."

The officer picked up a pen and prepared to write.

"If you're sure you want to enlist," he said, "why—"

"Sure!" broke in the stranger. "Sure! Well, you just bet I'll prove those fellows liars, or know the reason why. I don't think much of war as a general proposition, but there can't be anybody stand around and dare me more'n six or eight times before something happens. Maybe I might have stood what the boys had to say, but when my wife told me I was afraid to fight, it was just a little too much. All I'm afraid of is that you won't have me."

"Oh, we'll take you fast enough," returned the recruiting-officer. "Just give me your name and—"

"Maybe I ought to tell you before you go too far," interrupted the valiant youth again, "that I'm troubled with hammer-toes—two of 'em, one on each foot."

"That doesn't make any difference," replied the recruiting-officer.

"Why—why, I thought hammer-toes interfered with a man's ability to march," suggested the applicant.

"It does," admitted the recruiting-officer, "but we'll put you in the cavalry."

The applicant gave a deep sigh, and suggested that that would suit him first-rate, but that he couldn't ride very well.

"Never mind," answered the recruiting-officer, "you can soon learn. Now, if you will just give me your name I'll put it down and send you to the doctors for—"

"That reminds me," broke in the man who wanted to enlist, "that I have been a cigarette-smoker for the last ten years."

"No matter. We're not so particular now as we were. Just—"

"I have a weak heart, too, and I'm rather short-winded."

"Oh, that's all right. If you're willing to take the chances, we are. Just give me your name, and it will be all right."

The youth gave another long sigh before answering.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," he said. "Maybe my wife spoke in haste when she said I was afraid to go. I guess I'll just run back and ask her about it before taking a step that she may regret all her life."

## Veterans of '66.

THE Veterans of 1866 hold a grand rally and re-union in St. Catharines on July 25. There are about twenty camps of these

old soldiers in the different towns and cities in the province, and detachments from nearly all these will assemble. A long programme of speeches and games has been arranged, among the speakers being the Mayor of St. Catharines; Mr. O'Donnell, president of the St. Catharines Veterans' Association; Mayor Shaw, Captain Musson, president of the Toronto Veterans' Association; Hon. Col. Gibson, Very Rev. Dean Harris, Rev. Robert Kerr and Dr. S. P. May. After the addresses in the forenoon, and the procession of veterans, with the St. Catharines Battalion and the St. Catharines Boys' Brigade, with the 19th bands and the Toronto Highlanders' pipers and brass band, the ceremony of decorating the Watson Monument in the Court House Square will take place. In the afternoon games, interspersed with speech-making, will be held, including a smoking race open to veterans, a tournament combat between knights in armor, a relief race for ambulance corps, and an assault at arms under the direction of Mr. C. H. Murdoch. The nature of the weapons for this event has not been revealed, but the contestants are to stand back to back, blindfolded, in two rows. They take a certain number of steps forward and then turn and commence the assault. Dr. S. P. May, surgeon of the Veterans' Association, will take charge of the wounded.

Bucolic boot-boy—I say, Sarah, wotever be a crematorium! Metropolitan maid—Oh, you are an ignorant boy. Why, it's French for a milk-shop, of course.—Punch.

## Hooper's Rose and Iris Tooth Paste

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## THE MILLIONAIRE'S BRIDE

BY JOHN K. LEYS.

It is unnecessary for me to detail the circumstances under which I became confidential clerk and assistant to my old school-fellow, Ludovic Steyne, solicitor. The following is an account of a remarkable case which occupied us for some time—one of the most remarkable, I venture to think, that was ever brought to a solicitor's office.

One morning, while Steyne was from home, a card was brought to me bearing the name

ALLAN F. CORBETT.

I knew that an American millionaire called Corbett was then residing in London; and it occurred to me that this might be the same man. It turned out that I was right.

"Show him in," said I; and the next moment a young man not yet thirty, with fair hair, a pleasant but rather weak face, and a dispirited air, entered the room.

"When will Mr. Steyne be back?" was the first thing he said.

"To-night or to-morrow morning," I replied. "Perhaps you would rather wait and see him."

He hesitated, and I asked him to sit down.

"Or, if you prefer to state your case to me, I will report to him this evening," I added.

"Perhaps that would be best," he said, wearily resting his head upon his hand, "I feel as if I wanted to confide in somebody right away. I am sick of keeping the affair to myself. It weighs on my mind."

Of course I told him that I was entirely at his service; and he proceeded—

"Perhaps you may have heard that I have a large pile of dollars. My father left about ten million dollars, and most of them came to me when he died. I suppose that is the reason the scoundrels have gone for me."

"What scoundrels?"

"That's just what I want to find out. Every Monday morning for the last six weeks I have received a threatening letter. They were all typewritten, posted in London. I burned them as soon as I got them—all but the last—and tried to forget them. But I can't get the thing out of my mind. The fact is, it's getting on my nerves."

"You have the last of these letters with you?"

"Here it is. The rest were all to the same effect."

He produced a letter, written on an ordinary sheet of type-writing paper, from his breast pocket, and handed it to me.

It ran as follows:

"Sir,—I beg to inform you that a disaster, more awful and heartrending than you can easily imagine, is now about to fall on you. There is but one way by which this calamity can be averted. You must immediately remit to New York the sum of one hundred thousand dollars (£20,000), and place it to the credit of the account of Thomas Sinclair at Sullivan's Bank in Ninety-Seventh street. This offer will remain open for fourteen days only. If before the expiration of that time the money is not forwarded, no power on earth can prevent the terrible misfortune above predicted falling upon you; and to the end of your days you will regret that you refused to be warned in time. Your well-wisher,

A. SIMMONDS."

"But since nothing has happened in spite of your disregard of the previous warnings," said I, putting the letter carefully into a drawer, "perhaps no harm is really meant."

"I was given eight weeks to hand over the money in," answered the young man gloomily, "then seven, then six. Now, you see, the time is reduced to two."

"Can you think of any special reason why that period should be fixed?"

"Unfortunately I can. I am to be married in exactly two weeks' time."

"Ah!"

"Yes; I am engaged to Miss Marchmont, a daughter of the late General Sir Edward Marchmont, and that brings me to another point that may be worth mentioning. Lady Marchmont lives at Lucknow House, Wimbledon. It is in a lonely situation; and Lady Marchmont, who is of rather a timid disposition, has been alarmed by the report that doubtful-looking characters have been seen hanging about the neighborhood. She applied to the police, and received a civil note to say that there seemed to be no special cause for alarm; but that the local constables had been instructed to keep an eye on the house, and warn all tramps and suspicious-looking people off the premises."

"This was all Mr. Corbett had to tell me; and as there was no necessity for immediate action, I told our new client that I would repeat his story to Mr. Steyne as soon as he came back, and arrange for another interview."

Mr. Steyne returned that night; and I at once placed before him a précis of the facts I have here set down, along with the threatening letter. Steyne read them in silence.

"Send a wire to Mr. Corbett asking him to call at ten, to-morrow morning," was all he said when he had perused them.

At ten next day Mr. Corbett made his appearance, accompanied by Colonel Marchmont, an uncle of the bride-elect. He was a tall, upright, fresh-colored man, a soldier every inch of him; and I guessed that he could be self-opinionated and obstinate to a degree.

"I am afraid, Mr. Corbett," said Steyne, plunging at once into the business, "that yours is by no means an uncommon predicament. Many attempts are made to blackmail wealthy men. And it seems to me that in these cases there are only two courses open to the person attacked—pay up, or fight the scoundrels to the death."

"Right then," cried the colonel, twisting his long white moustache.

Corbett looked as if he were not exactly in a fighting humor.

"It's not for myself that I mind," he began, nervously clearing his throat, "though, of course, I would not know a moment's peace, thinking of what those fellows might have it in their heads to do to me. It's Emily—I mean Miss Marchmont—I'm thinking of. You read that infernal police inspector's letter?"

"Yes," answered Steyne; "but really I don't see that Lady Marchmont has any particular cause for alarm."

"That's what I tell her," put in the colonel.

"But don't you think they may mean to strike at me through Miss Marchmont?" pursued the young fellow, searching Steyne's inscrutable face with eager eyes.

"They speak of my marriage—no; but they mention fourteen days. That is what they mean. They know that I would part with every dollar I possess rather than that Emily should come to harm."

"Allan! I see what you are driving at!" shouted the colonel; "and I tell you you will forfeit every atom of respect I have for you if you give in to the demands of those rascals. And let me tell you this—the chances are that if they bleed you once they will bleed you again, till they reach your bottom dollar. Is it not so, Mr. Steyne?"

Steyne gravely assented.

"Then you agree with me that it is best to defy them—throw their outrageous letter into the fire, and forget it?"

"I don't say that exactly," said my chief slowly. "I think that every precaution should be taken to ensure your safety, and Miss Marchmont's—though there seems to be no evidence that she is specially aimed at. I fear those rogues mean business; and I will tell you why. I know this Sullivan of New York, their banker, who is to act, practically, as their fence. He is one of the greatest rogues unhung. But the gang who are trying to blackmail you must have capital, since he is their cashier. Keep indoors, and don't go out unattended, and let Miss Marchmont do the same."

"But we can't keep up that all our lives!" cried Corbett impatiently. "Don't you see that you are condemning us to live almost like the Czar? Would it not be possible to lay some trap for those fellows, and catch them, and so get rid of them? I would give a thousand pounds to see them taken. If anything were to happen to Miss Marchmont I should go mad. Can't something be done, Mr. Steyne?"

"Not in the way you mean. They would answer no advertisement, you may be sure; and you see the money is to be sent to America. All you can do is to be ready for them in case they try to carry out their threats. You carry a revolver?"

"I have done so lately. But I am not afraid for myself. How are we to get Miss Marchmont to shut herself up as you suggest? I haven't told her of these threatening letters, because she is so high-spirited that she would merely laugh at them. Lady Marchmont, now—"

"My sister-in-law would die of fright. I do believe, if you were to tell her," put in the colonel.

"I think Miss Marchmont ought to know that you have been threatened," said Steyne. "If you like I will call on her, and try to impress upon her my opinion that the men who wrote these letters are not using mere empty threats. Perhaps I could persuade her to take at least some ordinary precautions."

"Thanks—I wish you would. But when we are married we shall be no better off than we are now," said Corbett in a melancholy tone. "I wish to goodness they would attack me and do their best to murder me. It would be such a relief to know that they had done their worst."

He wrote a line on his card to introduce Steyne to his betrothed, and then the millionaire and his friend departed.

It so happened that my employer was prevented from going to Wimbledon that afternoon and I was despatched in his stead.

I found Miss Marchmont and her sisters three charming and sensible girls. Their mother was an invalid, and was for the most part confined to her own room. The house stood in a solitary part of the country; and it was not well protected, the household consisting of women servants and a page boy.

I told the three young ladies that Mr. Corbett had received a threatening letter—I did not say that he had received six—and was greatly, perhaps unduly, alarmed, being under an apprehension that danger threatened his bride; and I suggested that to ensure his peace of mind they should hire a man-servant, and that in particular she should never go out alone.

Miss Emily fell in with my suggestions at once. I could see that she understood and appreciated her lover's anxiety on her account, and that, like him, her thoughts were more in the future than in the present—that she dreaded more the effect of a series of threats, kept up perhaps for years upon her betrothed, than any actual danger in the present.

Our conversation did not last very long, and I was going downstairs on my way out when I met, to my amazement, on the stairs, the lady from whom I had just parted, Emily Marchmont herself. For a moment a superstitious dread mastered me. I stood stock-still, gazing at the apparition—as it seemed to me—drawing slowly nearer. Then I saw my mistake. The girl was not Emily Marchmont. Close at hand the likeness was not so striking, but at the distance of a few feet it was positively startling. The girl's height, carriage, poise and shape of the head and cast of features seemed abso-

lutely identical with those of Miss Marchmont.

Ere I reached the front door an idea struck me. I turned on my heel and slowly went back to the drawing-room.

"Pardon me," I said on re-entering the room, "but I met just now on the stairs a girl who bears a singular resemblance to you, Miss Emily."

"Isn't it odd?" cried the youngest Miss Marchmont. "Every one notices it."

"But who is it?"

"Only our maid, Forbes. We came across her once when we were staying at an hotel in Scarborough, and engaged her because of her likeness to Emily, in order that we might get her to play in some private theatricals we had in view where the point of the play was a mistaken identity. It succeeded splendidly. Everybody in the room thought that Forbes was Emily; and in the middle of her acting the real Emily came in and confronted her. The people stared as if they had seen a ghost; and the applause was quite deafening."

"Don't chatter so, Dorothy," said her eldest sister; and she turned on me a look which seemed to ask me for an explanation of my conduct in returning.

"It has just occurred to me," said I, "that possibly we may be able to make use of this accidental resemblance. Your great wish, (turning to Emily) 'is to do something which would put a final stop to this annoyance. Now it is my belief, and Mr. Corbett's as well, that the rascals who wrote the threatening letter mean to strike him, if they strike at all, through you. And by far the most likely plan for them to adopt would be for them to try to abduct you, and hold you to ransom. Pray do not misunderstand me. I added hastily, for a scared look came into Miss Emily's face. 'I do not for one moment suppose that they will make the attempt, much less do I imagine that they could succeed in carrying out any such crime. But if they have any serious plans underlying their threats, we may be pretty sure that they take the form of carrying you off by force or fraud, and holding you to ransom. They demand twenty thousand pounds now of Mr. Corbett. For that sum they will graciously consent to leave him (and you) alone. But if they really succeed in hiding you away it would not be twenty thousand, but two hundred thousand they would demand as your ransom.'"

"But, Mr. Farrar, are such things possible in a country like ours?" asked the eldest sister.

"I hardly think the attempt would succeed," said I; "but it might certainly be made. One cannot be always on one's guard, and the police cannot be everywhere, as some people seem to think they ought to be. Our aim is that if the attempt is made to carry out these threats, the blackmailers should not get the money they are scheming for, but get caught and sent to penal servitude."

"Exactly! But how is that to be managed, Mr. Farrar?"

"My suggestion is this—that from now until the eve of the wedding Miss Emily should be somewhere else—say, in London, while her maid should be lent to some friend in need of a maid who lives a good way off. That would be given out to the world—to servants, postmen, friends, and acquaintances—everybody, in short. But all the time the maid and the mistress would have changed places. The very eyes of the conspirators would aid in deceiving them. If they make any attempt at all it will be against the maid, Forbes, and you, Miss Emily, will escape altogether. Nor need Forbes be under any apprehension as to her safety. She has only to satisfy her captors that she is the girl Forbes, and not the rich prize they had hoped to gain, and they will be forced to release her, for the simple reason that they must know that no one would pay a large sum to ransom her. And when she returns to us the maid will be able, if I am not very much mistaken, to give us such information as will lead to the capture of the whole gang."

The young ladies were delighted with this plan; but the person whose consent was really necessary was Forbes. She was sent for, and I began to explain matters by saying that Mr. Corbett had received several threatening letters. At this the young woman turned so pale, and looked so alarmed, that I thought I might as well give up my scheme at once. She

would never have courage, I thought, to carry the thing through. I went on with my explanations, however, and took care to mention, in conclusion, that I felt certain that Mr. Corbett would be willing to promise her a very handsome present in the event of the plan succeeding. Upon this the young woman asked if she might have a little time to consider the matter; and this being agreed to, I took my leave.

Mr. Corbett was delighted with my scheme when I mentioned it to him. The sole point he objected to was that he should only be able to see his sweetheart once or twice, if at all, before the wedding-day, whereas he would be forced to call upon the sham Emily Marchmont every day, so that, if his movements were watched—as I had little doubt they were—the spies would be convinced beyond a doubt that Forbes was in reality the millionaire's bride.

When I proposed my scheme to Ludovic Steyne he was not enthusiastic about it. He thought it was too fantastic, smacked too much of the stage, to be practicable. However, he offered no very decided objection to it; and the maid consented to play the part assigned to her—after Corbett had promised to pay her fifty pounds if a finger was laid on her, and two hundred pounds if the conspirators were arrested.

The details were left to the Misses Marchmont, and they managed things a hundred times better than I could have done. Miss Madeley, an old governess of the Marchmont girls, was taken into the secret; and she readily consented to take rooms in Bayswater for herself and Eliza Forbes, who passed as Miss Emily Marchmont. It was given out that Miss Emily had gone up to town to see after her trousseau. It was also given out that Eliza Forbes had gone to stay at Miss Bellingham's to help to mend and clean some wonderful old lace which was to form one of the marriage presents. This Miss Bellingham was a great-aunt of the bride. She lived by herself in a small house near the Thames, not far from the village of Thames Wickham—as retired a place of concealment (seeing that the boating season had not begun) as could possibly have been found. She had but two servants—one a strong-minded, faithful creature, who had been with her for forty years, and who was necessarily made a participator in the secret; the other, a red-cheeked country girl, who had lately come to the house, and who never doubted for a moment that the fine-looking, dark-haired girl who sat all day in the mistress's room was Eliza Forbes, the Misses Marchmont's maid. Lady Marchmont's own servants were kept in the dark. They simply knew that Miss Emily and Eliza Forbes were from home—they supposed that they were both of them in London.

Twice a week Miss Bellingham's elderly servant walked over to Thames Wickham with Emily Marchmont, in time to catch the early morning train. The train took Miss Emily direct to Wimbledon; and there she alighted and took a cab home. This she did for her mother's sake, but the utmost care and caution were observed, both in going and returning. She wore, of course, clothes befitting her supposed station in life. On the other hand, the sham Emily Marchmont came home frequently, and always in the open day. A little inquiry showed that the tradesmen and neighbors habitually took her for her mistress. In a word, the transmigration was thoroughly and artistically carried out.

When one of the two weeks had gone by Corbett came to see us again. He had received another anonymous letter that morning. It was rather different from the others in that the writer assumed an air of contemptuous insolence, as of a man who was already master of the situation. If Mr. Corbett chose to remit twenty thousand pounds by cable to New York within the next three days, the money would still be accepted, and no further claim would be made. But if not, let Mr. Corbett look out for himself. He could not say that he had not been fairly warned. And more to the same effect.

"The impudent blacklegs!" cried the young American, as he walked in a state of excitement up and down my chief's consulting-room. "Let them look out for themselves, that's all. I have this with me day and night"—he showed us the handle of a revolver sticking out of his pocket—"and I've engaged a giant of a fellow to go about with me. They can't touch me; and if they try any games on with Miss Marchmont they'll burn their fingers nicely, won't they?"

"I have no doubt they will, Mr. Corbett," I returned, seeing that my chief was plunged in thought. "Miss Forbes seems an intelligent and spirited girl, and she has been fully instructed. If they presume to lay a finger upon her, they will find that they have caught a Tartar."

Three days later Corbett came again, and this time he was in a state of nervous agitation for which I could not account. At last it came out that that afternoon, in passing along the Strand, a big, broad-shouldered, red-haired man had thrust himself in Corbett's way, laughed impudently in his face, and passed on. The incident was nothing in itself; but I could see that the young fellow was upset by it. He was convinced that the red-haired man was one of his hidden enemies, already gloating over his victim; and indeed it was a trying situation for a man to be in. He believed that his foes were only waiting an opportunity to spring upon him, and yet he could not take a single step towards meeting them, or warding off the attack. It was on the evening of the following day, just three days before the wedding—a dull, cold, misty night, more like November than March. About half-past seven at night Mr. Corbett came to Brussels square, his face radiant, beaming over with satisfaction.

"We've got them!" he cried. "That Miss Forbes is gone! I've a telegram here from Miss Madeley. Those rascals must have nabbed her on her way home to-night. I wonder how they managed it! I suppose she made no resistance. Ha! ha! Won't they be mad when they find

HE was so charmed with the new tea, "Salada," that his wife had so thoughtfully got for him, that he called for a second and third cup, declaring that he had never before known the taste of pure Ceylon Tea, and toasted his wife in this strain out of gladness of heart:

Here's to the prettiest,  
Here's to the wittiest,  
Here's to the truest of all who are true;  
Here's to the neatest one,  
Here's to the sweetest one,  
Here's to them all in one,  
Wife, here's to you!



out their mistake? I think I see their faces when she says, 'Marchmont? That is not my name. I am Miss Forbes. Miss Marchmont is my mistress.' Ha, ha, ha! I say, Mr. Farrar, do you think we shall be able to put salt on their tails, eh? Can't I see Steyne? When will he be in?"

I was in the act of answering him when I heard Steyne's latch-key in the street door. He came in; but half a minute later I heard the door bang behind him. He had gone out again. Corbett ran to shout after him, but he was too late. Eight, nine, ten o'clock struck, and my chief did not return; and still the young American waited, as patiently as he could.

At last, about half-past ten, Steyne came in. I saw at once by his face that something had happened. When his eyes fell on Corbett he stopped short, and a look of grave pity came into his face. Then he walked up to the young man and took his hand.

"Mr. Corbett," he said, "I am about to put your manhood to the test. A terrible thing has happened."

Corbett became white to the lips, and yet I saw him make an effort to pull himself together. Outwardly he was calm, and he looked Steyne straight in the eye.

"She is gone!" said the young man hoarsely, and I now saw that he was shaking from head to foot.

Steyne nodded gravely.

Corbett made a rush for the door, but the older man was the stronger of the two, and easily held him back.

"What would you do?" said Steyne. "The last train for Thames Wickham has gone, and if you walk or drive you will only fatigue yourself to no purpose. Everything that man can do, all that the organized police of the country backed by your enormous wealth can do, has been done, or is being done at this moment. Take my advice; try to remember that it is not the policy of the kidnappers to injure Miss Marchmont in any way. She will be restored to you very soon, I am certain. Go home and try to get some sleep, and if you want to see with your own eyes what is being done, come to the Holborn Town Hall at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

Obedient as I look from my chief I put on my hat and went home with Mr. Corbett. He was very quiet, and leant on my arm as if he had been recovering from a fever. Every now and then a savage look would come into his face, and his fingers, I could see, were grasping the handle of his revolver. Once or twice a strong shudder passed through him, as I have seen it with men who were sickening for some disease.

"I had my doubts about this plan from the first," said Steyne to me, as we walked over to the Holborn Town Hall next morning. "and I ought to have seen the significance of the girl Forbes changing color when you first told her of the threatening letters. That was from no mere feeling of timidity. I have no doubt she was in the plot from the first; and when you began to speak to her of the threatening letters she thought that she had been found out."

"Have you any idea how Miss Marchmont was spirited away?" I ventured to ask.

"I shall know in a few minutes," was the reply.

The large room into which we went was filled with men, employees most of them, of various detective offices. Each one had had a map and a set of printed instructions given him—Steyne had provided for all this during his three hours' absence the night before.

Suddenly Steyne's clear voice rang through the room.

"Now, lads," he cried, "you have your work before you. The lady we are seeking left Wimbledon for Thames Wickham at 7.23 last night. I find that the return half of a first-class ticket from Thames Wickham was given up at Hanworth, the station just before; and I think it likely, therefore, that she left the train there and was induced to enter a carriage—a fly, as they call it—which met the train. We want to find that fly. Understand, there is a gratuity of five pounds per man for the job. One hundred pounds will be paid for any news of the lady after she left Wimbledon, and one thousand pounds if such information leads to our finding her." A subdued cheer followed these words. Corbett, who had been standing beside the speaker, turned his pale, haggard face

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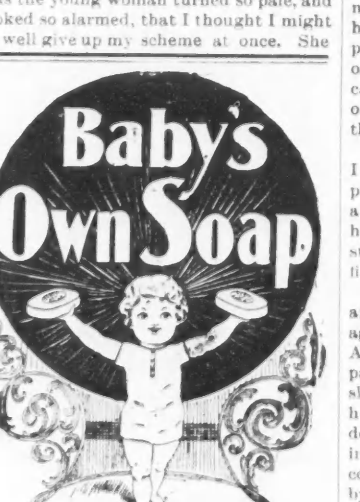
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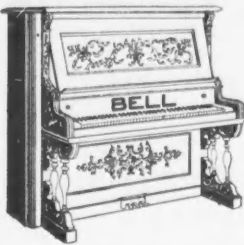


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to Steyne, and caught him by the arm. "See here," he whispered. "This came by this morning's post."  
It was another typewritten letter. "The blow has fallen. Fifty thousand pounds, or securities to that amount, must be deposited in Sullivan's Bank, as before explained. When that is done Miss M. will be restored to her friends unharmed. If the money (or securities) is not deposited, she will never be seen again alive."  
So ran this villainous letter. "I must send it," said Corbett, his voice hoarse with emotion. "Give me two days!" cried Steyne. "Think what you are doing if you yield to these men's demands. They will at once tell their companions and other rich men's wives or daughters will be abducted. The crime will spread; and who can tell what the consequences may be? No harm will come to Miss Marchmont to-day. That is certain. Give me to-day. Every inn, every village and farmhouse within driving distance of Hanworth will be visited to-day. Every policeman will be questioned. News is sure to come in before the evening. If not, you may advertise in the morning papers that you are willing to come to terms. That will give me a second day. Two days are all I ask."

The American turned away with a groan. Steyne drew me aside.

"For heaven's sake," he whispered, "take him down to that place, and keep him going about questioning folks. He will go mad if he is not allowed to think he is doing something."

A dreary day that was for all of us. I was told afterwards that many clues were reported. They were promptly examined by trained men whom Steyne had retained for the purpose; one and all turned out worthless.

On the afternoon of the second day, as Corbett and I were driving from village to village, questioning everybody that came in our way, Steyne joined us. There was a suppressed excitement about him that I well understood.

"Don't you think," I suggested, "that Miss Marchmont may have been carried off down the river?"

We were then driving slowly along a road that lay close to the north bank of the stream, which spread its sullen length before us. Steyne was walking by the side of our dog-cart.

"No," said my chief, sharply. "There are locks every few miles. All the lock-keepers have been questioned. No lady went down in an open boat, nor has any launch with a cabin passed down yesterday, or the night before."

As my chief had been speaking, I noticed that his eyes rested on a houseboat that lay moored near the opposite bank, under the shelter of a group of willows.

"Whose is that houseboat?" he asked. "It belongs to some city man," said Corbett, impatiently. "I don't think anyone has been near it since last season."

We went on a few paces. Then Steyne sat down by the side of the road, and wrote a note on a leaf torn from his pocket-book. This he put into an envelope, which he sealed.

"Please drive to Weybridge as fast as you can," he said to Corbett, and give this note to the police superintendent there. You may jump down, Farrar, I may want you."

In less than a minute the dog-cart had disappeared.

Steyne and I went on till a clump of bushes hid the river from us.

"Farrar," he said, in an excited whisper, "unless my eyes are not what they were, I saw a curtain move on board that houseboat! Let us stay here and watch it. I have sent for a boat. It will be here by dusk."

We sat down and waited, taking turns to watch the houseboat. So the hours passed till nightfall.

The shadows were deepening when we heard the sound of oars; presently a boat drew in to the bank. Two men were rowing. Corbett and two policemen were in the stern sheets.

We stepped in, and pulled away for the houseboat.

Before we reached it we heard a noise on board, and we could just make out, in the darkness, a small boat with three men in her, creeping out from between the houseboat and the river bank.

"Give way, men!" cried Corbett. "Carve the fools! Why is there only one pair of oars?"

The small boat, with its light freight, rapidly forged ahead. There was a sharp bend in the river just there; in another minute the boat would be out of sight.

Suddenly a deafening scream from a steam whistle burst on our ears. A steam launch came rushing down stream, and crashed into the small boat.

We heard cries from the water, but before we could reach the spot they had ceased. Next day the three bodies were recovered. One of them Corbett recognized as the big, red-haired man who had laughed in his face on the street.

In a tiny bedroom on board the houseboat we found Miss Marchmont, somewhat dazed from a dose of opium which (we supposed) had been given her in her tea, but otherwise perfectly well. With her, to our astonishment, was Eliza Forbes! The girl was prepared to go to prison; but she had made herself so useful to Emily Marchmont during her detention on the houseboat, that the lady positively refused to allow her to be prosecuted.

Miss Marchmont had been induced to leave the train at Hanworth by a false telegram which purported to come from Miss Bellingham, saying that suspicious persons had been hanging about the Thames Wickham station, and that she had better, therefore, alight at Hanworth and drive home. The fly had been procured beforehand, and was driven by one of the conspirators. It stopped opposite the houseboat, where the other two scoundrels were waiting for it. It was a lonely part of the country, and Miss Marchmont was without much difficulty forced into a boat and taken to the houseboat, where Forbes was waiting to receive her. Two months later, Miss Marchmont, who had quite recovered from the shock of her abduction, became Mrs. Allan Corbett.

THE END



A Typical Philippine Insurgent.

A Native Woman of the Philippines.

From drawings by the Chicago Record special artist.

### A Deserter.

J. H. Anderson in Illustrated American.

JUST after pay-day each month one of the officers of the Twenty-second was robbed. The amounts were always moderate and about the same; and those officers who suffered the losses were the ones who could best sustain them. The mystery worried the officers more than the losses did and they devised a dozen plans to capture the thief, but all were of no avail.

Finally the robbing stopped—because the salaries stopped, and everyone in the camp was financially embarrassed.

For two months this condition lasted and prospects for its lasting several more were good. There were some murmurs of discontent, but the complainants who were caught were made examples for the others. Finally the robberies were forgotten, and the anxiety over wages took the place in the minds of both officers and privates. The fighting, too, had been hard for the past few months. The General in command, fearing trouble from some of the men, threatened an immediate and most severe trial to the first deserter.

A few days later, however, one was brought back to camp. The man was a corporal in Company E. He was hurriedly tried and sentenced to death. He was little more than a lad and was a favorite among those of the camp who knew him. But the court had waived favor and affection and had done its duty.

At noon, a day later, the prisoner was marched into an open field and his sentence read. The men reluctantly took the guns, each silently praying that he had one of the blanks, and in a few moments all was ready.

"Have you any message to leave?" the Captain asked.

"None," was the reply.

"Nothing to say?"

"Nothing, except that I do not want anything over my eyes. I have faced bullets a long time and have never flinched. I can face them still."

"Granted," the Captain said, and stepped to the side and a few paces to the rear of the prisoner; then he raised his sword. The men aimed. A terrible suspense—it left so much room for thought and rebellion against the inevitable. The prisoner gazed fixedly at each man for an interval and each man's eyes, in turn, played restlessly on that human target. At last the man turned and fixed his gaze on the Captain. He seemed to say, "My courage is fast failing. Do not make this trial much longer." The Captain stood fixed like a block of marble. For a while even his stare did not turn from the prisoner. He was suddenly broken from this stupor, however, by a deep, faltering sigh from the prisoner, and a shift of his position, and was released from the seeming charm as the man dropped his head toward the ground. This was the chance. The Captain saw it. The sword waved. The clatter of twenty muskets, the whizz of ten bullets, and a dead silence. Then the chaplain's prayers and a rude burial. The corporal's fate was sealed.

All he possessed—a flannel shirt, a few pairs of socks, a comb, a tooth-brush, a prayer-book and a few letters, all tied up in a red handkerchief—was distributed among the others—all except the prayer-book and letters. The prayer-book several wanted, but were afraid to ask for. The letters no one wanted. So these were laid aside.

Guard-mount, roll-call and supper over, the lieutenant picked up his pipe and the bunch of letters. The first envelope was postmarked May 1st and contained a newspaper clipping. A man named John Hawley had been killed by a trolley car in a crowded street. It was learned he left a wife, a daughter aged nine, and a son who had joined the army.

Then there was a letter dated three weeks later.

My DEAR BOY,—I received your kind letter and fifty dollars, for which I thank you so much. But do not send me all your money, for I know you want and need a

great many things of which you are depriving yourself. I am feeling much better now, and the doctor says I will be up next week. Our neighbors have been so kind. For a week before your money came Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Bancroft paid for everything we needed. Now I can repay them.

You say you will send fifty dollars each month. Are you sure you can spare that much? We can live on less, if necessary, and then I will soon be able to get something to do.

I am very glad to hear you have been promoted to lieutenant. I know you deserve it, and hope you will soon have another promotion.

With love from little Mary and a hope of God's blessings for you, I am,

Your fond mother,

M. H.

Several acknowledgments thereafter told the boy had kept his promise until two months ago.

The last letter ran:

June 3.

MY OWN SOLDIER BOY:

Why do you not write? It is driving me wild not to hear from you. Something tells me you are still alive. Is it that you have nothing to send? That would be just like your grand spirit, yet I do not care for your money. Write as you wish to—once a week. We can get along without anything from you. I am now earning six dollars a week. Dear Jack, do let me hear from you at once or I shall, certainly, try to find you.

Your loving and expectant mother,

M. H.

Last of all was a document in a long envelope. It was a \$1,000 life insurance policy, to which was pinned this:

JUNE 15.

I am going to desert to-night because my duty is now at home. If I am caught I know what will happen. I trust some one, for my mother and sister's sake, will deliver this policy safely and testify to my death. One hundred and forty-four dollars, however, is to be paid as follows:

Captain Thomas, \$38;  
Lieutenant Jenkins, \$38; and  
Colonel Floyd, \$37.

The salary due me will more than pay the interest due on these amounts. I hope these gentlemen will keep the truth from my mother and let her think I died an honest boy.

I may add that I have a presentiment that I am going to be caught. If so, farewell.

JACK HAWLEY.

The Lieutenant wiped his eyes. A mystery had been solved. But he alone knew it.

"One thousand dollars is small enough," thought he. "I will shoulder the burden of that sin and no one else will ever know it."

He burned the letters, relit his pipe, picked up the dead man's prayer-book, turned in for the night, but through the long hours of darkness he could see only that still white face and think of the letters that made one deserter less black in the face of God and man.

### England's Greatest.

The Independent contains some reminiscences of Gladstone, suggestive, as all such reminiscences must be, of his wonderful intellectual and moral power. He learned French late in life, incited to do so by his enjoyment of French literature. At eighty-six he mastered Danish. A few years ago a dinner was given him by Jules Simon and other distinguished Frenchmen.

"Shall I speak in French or English?" he asked an American friend on arriving. The American would not venture to advise Mr. Gladstone in anything, but added:

"If I were expected to speak, and could do so in their own tongue, I should certainly use it."

"I will speak in French," said Mr. Gladstone, and so he did for half an hour, to the astonishment and delight of all who were present.

No subject seemed too slight to attract his interest. Some American apples were placed on the table near him, and one of our countrymen remarked: "Those are rather fine apples."

"Yes," said Mr. Gladstone. "You sent us seven thousand three hundred and sixty-five barrels last year."

Among the two hundred guests present, possibly there was not another one who could so promptly have stated a fact of

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## Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

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such merely general interest.

It is good to hear the generous (or just) commendation of one great man for another.

"When you meet Mr. Gladstone," John Bright once said to a visitor in England, "you will see the greatest Englishman of our time."

A titled lady was one day railing at Mr. Gladstone, as was the fashion in England until recently. Suddenly Mr. Bright turned and asked:

"Has your son ever seen Mr. Gladstone?" The son was at that moment standing beside them. "No," was the surprised answer.

"Then, madam," said Mr. Bright, "permit me to urge you to take him at once to see the greatest Englishman he is ever likely to look upon."

### Regulars and Volunteers.

The difference between a regular soldier of any rank, officer as well as soldier, and a volunteer (says *Youth's Companion*) is that the regular has generally learned his personality is nothing of any consequence whatever, and the service is everything; whereas the volunteer generally has this to learn.

At Tampa, where regulars and volunteers were lately encamped together, a story is told of some volunteers who came to the chief quartermaster, a regular officer, to make a complaint. The volunteers had not yet been mustered into the service, so that the quartermaster could afford to be somewhat familiar with them.

"Well, boys," he said, "what is the matter?"

"The matter is that we've got a great big mule corral of regular army mules alongside our camp," said the volunteers.

"A mule corral? Well, what of it?"

"Why, we don't like it."

"You don't like it? Oh, you'll get over that, boys. Pretty soon you'll be mustered into the service and then you'll find that there's precious little difference between a mule and a soldier!"

The officer meant no discredit to the regular soldier by this remark. He meant that all soldiers of whatever grade must learn to take things as they come without grumbling.

### Dangerous Thief.

A French actress, travelling about the country, had for use in one of her plays a lay figure, skillfully put together and dressed in a traveling suit. So says the New York Herald, which proceeds to tell a comical story about it.

At Marseilles it was left in the luggage-room with other things. The curiosity of two of the railway employees being aroused at the sight of it, they took off the covering and resolved to play a joke on their comrades. They placed the figure in an armchair at the desk of the cashier and shut the door.

When the employees on night service came, they opened the door and were surprised to see a man sitting before the cash-box. They immediately closed and locked the door, and ran for assistance.

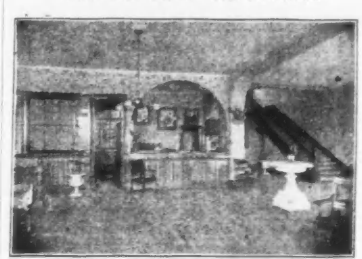
A policeman arrived, revolver in hand, believing, like the employees, that he had to deal with a dangerous thief. He called on the figure to surrender and follow him to the station. As it did not obey the summons, the policeman shut the door and went in search of re-enforcements to surround the place, and thereby prevent the culprit from escaping.

The door was again opened, the armed force entered, and it was not till they had suddenly pounced on the poor lay robber that they discovered the joke.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diphtheria, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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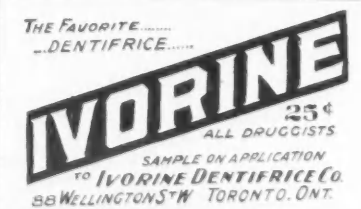
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Little Clarence—Pa, I have just been reading of a discovery of natural gas twelve hundred feet beneath the earth's surface. Mr. Callipers—Well, my son, what about it? Little Clarence—Nothing, pa; only I was wondering how it got that far down.

"What were the Dark Ages?" asked the governess at the morning spectacles. "That must have been before spectacles were invented," guessed Mary. "Oh, no!" interrupted Cedric; "I know why they were called the Dark Ages: Because there were more knights then."

### The Wabash Railroad Company

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## For Holiday Seekers.

You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.

## Sporting Comment.

THE cricket event of the season so far is the tour of the Toronto-Rosedale Club to Montreal and Ottawa during the present week. The team that went east is a very strong one, consisting of George S. Lyon, J. M. Laing, J. H. Sommerville, W. E. McMurtry, J. Tucker, A. Mackenzie, H. Martin, G. A. Larkin, E. J. Fawkes, and Burrows (pro.), with D. W. Saunders and H. Hills following on the second day. P. C. Goldingham and W. R. Wadsworth were unable to take in the trip. On the Saturday previous to departure the Toronto-Rosedale defeated Parkdale by two hundred and one to fifty-one. The combination team on that occasion was, perhaps, the strongest eleven that any local club ever put in the field for an ordinary match. The presence of Messrs. Goldingham and Wadsworth made the team stronger than it is on tour, although Mr. Lyon did not play on Saturday. For the winners McMurtry made forty-eight and Hills thirty, while nearly all the other bats reached double figures. For Parkdale A. G. Chambers retailed with twenty-three and S. W. Black with twelve, these being the only two who offered any effectual resistance to the bowling of Goldingham, Laing and Wadsworth. Although the Parkdale men were tired after their leather-hunting and were up against international bowling, they should have done better on an excellent wicket. Aside from Chambers' attempt to save the game the only feature worth mentioning on the Parkdale side was the work of the club's wicket-keeper, Bert Jackson, who gives promise of being a rare good one. On the other side there were many points to admire. W. R. Wadsworth surprised the batsmen with his increased speed. He now bowls quite a fast ball, and none the less tricky. P. C. Goldingham is at his best with ball and bat, and was only bowled by means of a long hop which he tried to carry off to leg, but misjudged, being the first ball sent down by a change bowler. J. M. Laing also bowled and gave good evidence that in another month he will be bowling almost at his best, and his very best was seen in 1896, when he proved himself the greatest trouper produced on this side of the "big pond."

Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., a strong Imperialist (this portrait appeared a fortnight ago in this paper) has been trying to get up a cricket eleven of British members of Parliament to visit Australia by way of Canada. It was to be called the Imperial cricket tour. Mr. Heaton is not himself a cricket player, although an admirer of the game, so he secured the cooperation of that well known cricketer Mr. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., but this gentleman, after a thorough canvass of the Commons, reports that the proposal must be abandoned.

There has been much said about the international eleven already, but one thing is forgotten by the writers on the daily press. They forget that the team is to be chosen from the clubs in the Canadian Association, and that players from British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces are eligible. I have no information at all from these outside provinces this season, but it may be depended on that Mr. J. E. Hall, the C. C. A. secretary, is well posted, or will be before the eleven is selected next month. It is well known, however, that Mr. A. F. R. Martin is now in Vancouver and playing cricket in his best form. If he can come over for the match he will perhaps be offered a place. Of local players we shall, no doubt, find many of the well known names again on the team, and I should say that the available candidates are: P. C. Goldingham, B. W. Saunders, J. L. Connell, J. M. Laing, H. B. McGivern, F. W. Terry, A. G. Chambers, Geo. S. Lyon, Wadsworth, Boyd, W. H. Cooper, W. R. Wadsworth, H. Ackland, W. R. Marshall, D. A. Murray, J. H. Sommerville, W. E. McMurtry, A. Mackenzie, and W. Montgomery. Possibly there are omitted from this list names of some players whose work with bat or ball deserves consideration—especially out of town players—but I have not written the names that can be called up at the moment. It must be added that if D. W. Saunders does not go to Philadelphia it may be necessary to invite Mr. J. A. Macintosh of the Halifax Wanderers, who is an excellent wicket-keeper

and a good player. But, indeed, not only he but others may be chosen from down by the sea, irrespective of this contingency.

Mr. Warner's English cricket eleven will reach Montreal in time to play there on Thursday and Friday, September 8 and 9. On Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, September 10, 12 and 13, the Englishmen will play in Toronto against a representative team put up by the Toronto-Rosedale Club. The team will not bring professional bowlers and will include the following players: J. P. Warner, Middlesex; G. R. Bardsley, Lancashire; C. O. H. Sewell, Gloucestershire; C. J. Burnap, Cambridge and Kent; E. H. Bray, Middlesex; S. R. J. Woods, Somerset; E. C. Lee, Oxford and Hampshire; T. L. Ainsworth, Old Marlburians; S. E. Winter, Cambridge; B. J. T. Bosanquet, Oxford; F. Mitchell, Yorkshire; R. Bereur, Oxford, and C. E. R. Wilson, Cambridge and Yorkshire.

The latest English papers to hand give the batting averages of the leading cricketers in first-class matches—those who have an average of 30 or over for 9 innings:

	No. Times	Not out	Total	Avg.
Abel	18	3	882	148
Shrewsbury	17	1	721	154
Holland	16	9	734	129
J. R. Mason	15	0	739	140
C. L. Townsend	11	0	515	129
W. H. Patterson	9	1	349	117
L. de Montezuma	10	4	258	80
Hearne (Ad.)	16	2	691	117
S. M. J. Woods	13	0	338	113
Tunnicliffe	19	3	692	108
Storer	18	2	690	109
W. T. Trapp	9	0	285	100
C. O. H. Sewell	15	1	555	111
A. E. Stoddart	10	1	318	108
Brookwell	17	1	618	103
Lalley	13	0	540	112
Lord Hawke	18	6	461	107
Ward (Ad.)	22	2	766	135
Hayward	12	0	446	126
F. S. Jackson	18	1	698	147
Devey	12	3	319	93
Dr. W. G. Grace	17	2	528	71
G. Brann	17	0	365	118
Tyldesley	22	0	759	96
Gunn (W.)	17	3	468	125
C. R. Hartley	10	0	332	88
C. McInnes	14	2	388	72
D. L. A. Jefferies	12	3	319	106
L. C. H. Palgrave	10	1	479	141

In the county championships it will be seen that Yorkshire holds the lead, with Lancashire in second place:

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.	Proportion of points to total
Yorkshire	13	10	0	3	10	100
Lancashire	12	5	1	6	14	66.66
Essex	8	4	2	2	14	33.33
Surrey	8	3	1	4	16	20.00
Nottingham	9	1	1	7	10	11.11
Kent	8	3	2	3	14	17.77
Gloucestershire	8	2	2	4	10	12.50
Derbyshire	7	2	2	3	12	15.00
Warwickshire	8	3	1	4	14	17.77
Somersetshire	7	1	1	5	10	12.50
Hampshire	7	1	1	5	10	12.50
Leicestershire	8	0	1	7	16	20.00
Middlesex	6	0	3	3	12	15.00
Sussex	6	0	1	5	12	15.00

Little Jimmie Michael and his crew of thirty-two pace-makers came to the Queen's Park track, Montreal, next month. This track is said by some to be the fastest in America. It is new this season, and was built by Charles Ashinger, the designer of the Toronto Island track. Michael will try for new records. It is probable that this is his last year on the wheel. He has been beaten twice already this season, once by McDuffie and once by his old rival and countryman, Tom Linton. In both cases he had an accident, in the first his handle-bars coming loose and in the second his tire blowing out. But apart from the questionableness of his feats he acknowledges that he can't last much longer and is already sick of the bicycle track. He has done an enormous amount of work the last three or four years, riding on the average while in training sixty miles a day at a two-minute clip or better. He must certainly have drawn upon his reserve vitality and he is wise in his determination to quit before he breaks down. He is ambitious to be a jockey and would have gone in for horse-racing this year if it hadn't been for Shafer, his manager, and others who have been making money out of the Welsh midget for a number of years.

It is pleasing to note that rowing is growing more generally popular as an exercise. A great many young fellows this summer, leaving their offices in the evening, wheel down to the bay and go out for a pull in the shells for half an hour or so before dinner. Many do their rowing in the morning, shells and sliding-seats gliding over the bay as early as seven o'clock. The Argonauts eight were out nearly every morning between eight and nine for some time previous to their departure for Philadelphia this week. If the Argos do well at Philadelphia, rowing will boom still more on old Toronto bay. If the eight comes out as well as the individual members have done in previous years in singles, doubles and fours, the Argonauts will be the most enthusiastic club in America. The Toronto Rowing Club sent Fred Hall down with the rowing crowd to pick up an eight-oared boat if there is one to be had, and we may perhaps see an eight-oared race at the big regatta next month. The Argonauts are entered for six events in the N. A. A. O., including senior singles (where E. A. Goldman, if he gets into the finals, will almost certainly run up against Ten Eyck, intermediate double sculls, senior paired, intermediate four-oared, senior international four-oared and senior eight-oared shells).

The lacrosse situation is getting complicated. At the early part of the season the Capitals were looked upon as the strongest team in the league. They beat the Shamrocks by a big score; Cornwall beat Toronto five to one; Shamrocks beat Cornwall; Capitals beat Cornwall. It looked as if they could beat everything in sight. The Nationals then beat the Shamrocks. But on Dominion Day, to every one's surprise, Toronto beat the Shamrocks and Cornwall won their game with the Capitals. Then Toronto won from the Nationals. Now Ottawa then beat the Nationals. Now Ottawa, the strongest team of the five, has been beaten by Cornwall. The Nationals, thought to be the weakest team, had been beaten both by Ottawa and Toronto. Last Saturday the Cornwalls, the victors over the so-called strongest team in the league, went down to the Nationals, the so-called

weakest. The question arises: Which is the strongest? The situation is exciting, but, unfortunately, will be tamed down before the schedule gives us a game here in Toronto. The Torontos play the Caps. to-day. If they win they have a first-class chance for the pennant.

The members of the Argonaut Rowing Club that will compete in the regatta at Philadelphia left for that place on Tuesday morning by the steamer Chicora. Besides the oarsmen, several members of the club, as well as Ald. Hanlan, were in the party.

## On the Links.

THE International Tournament will be held on the links of the Toronto Club this year. The date has been fixed for October 1, with a team of ten men representing each country. Unless the present arrangements are altered between now and then, the names of those who compose the Canadian team will not be known until the fortunate ten are chosen the day previous to the match. Meantime, those who are much on the links and are in a position to know the form of the golfing stars who have already won glory for their respective clubs, can form a pretty accurate idea of whose shoulders will carry the responsibility of victory or defeat.

The cricket team touring down east this week include three Toronto golfers—George Lyon, H. J. Martin and D. W. Saunders.

Anyone desiring information regarding the annual tournament to be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake may obtain it by addressing the secretary of the club, Capt. J. Weir Anderson, who has only recently joined the ranks of enthusiastic golfers, and who occupies one of the group of pretty cottages on the river bank conveniently close to the links.

The June number of *Golf* contains a very interesting article by W. H. Blake, a prominent member of the Toronto Golf Club, and Stewart Gordon, sec.-treas. of the Royal Canadian Golf Association. The subject of the sketch is the Toronto Golf Club, and as an introduction the writers give a deliciously humorous idea of how the old Scotch game was first played in Toronto more than twenty years ago. Every golfer will read with relish that "golf was played in Toronto as early as 1876, but the infection did not begin to spread until 1883. In the old days the mysteries of the game were not for the vulgar, and were practiced at rare intervals and in secret by a few. On some bright September day might be seen a comfortable wagonette, with a party of respectable and apparently sane middle-aged gentlemen wedged in with a great number of curiously-shaped implements, faring eastward to unknown regions. The bottles which it was apparently necessary to be provided with on such an excursion indicated that the pursuit in which they were engaged would be arduous and thirst-inspiring. As they retired to some sequestered cow-pasture and harned no one, the explanation that they were "playing golf" was accepted as satisfactory, though conveying no information." Farther on we find that "there was a house where clubs—and bottles—could be left secure, but there was no regular course and no green-keeper, and the greens were in the condition that the sun and rain and the casual cow left them." Those who know the Toronto Club as it is now, with its beautiful greens and its comfortable, well managed club-house, will appreciate the difference between the old and the new—golf as it was, and golf as it is. The pretty half-tone illustrations of the course and the club-house of 1883, which accompany the article, compare strangely with the pen-picture of the same place in 1876.

An Englishman, and a golfer who knows whereof he speaks, visited one of our golf clubs a short time ago and stopped to watch a number of girls playing. His remarks and observations were pointed. He noticed, in the first place, that only one out of seven had spikes in her shoes and only three had sensible, common-sense boots with thick, strong soles. Most of them wore "kid things," as he termed them, and one had on very dressy, patent-leather half-shoes. All of them wore short skirts, bicycle length, and most of them took interest enough in the game to select for the occasion loose, easily fitting blouses that would allow the body unhampered movement and the muscles full play. One or two were evidently out for something else than golf, however, for they were arrayed, one in a tight-fitting silk waist with close sleeves, and the other in a neat and very stylish but tight-fitting little jacket without a wrinkle anywhere—a thing absolutely out of place on a golfer, and one eminently qualified to spoil any attempt at a full swing. The sensible ones had substituted soft ribbon collars for the stiff linen or high stock ones, and some had wisely left their hats, which are usually so troublesome, in the clubhouse, and wore little caps or tams instead. One wore none at all and looked very sensible and pretty with her dark hair blowing loosely about her sunburnt face. The observer also remarked that some of the girls needed instruction very badly. In driving from the tee they raised their ball on such a pyramid that they stood a fair chance of never getting their eye in for a low lying brassie shot, and they had an awkward fashion of playing from the elbows, instead of a full, easy swing from the shoulders. Anybody who understands anything at all about golf must know that stiff muscles and a rigid body, with all action left to the forearm, will never conduce to successful play. Take Whigham, the amateur champion of America, for instance. Mrs. Reginald De Koven, whose beautiful sister, Mrs. Chatterfield Taylor, is such a successful golfer, and who has watched the champion play over and over again, describes him as a rather small man whose whole body goes into

his swing, which is a rapid and harmonious action of body and club. "He and his club," she says, "become one machine, lithe, elastic, but of the quality of steel, and his drive is long, very clean and accurate, and very straight." If some of the women who are so ambitious to shine on the links would study the methods of men like that, and at the same time read up the rules of the game, of which most of them are so contentedly ignorant, their undertaking would be much lighter and more successful.

*Apropos* of Whigham, it appears from reports that the Spanish-American war has, at least temporarily, gobbled him up. He undertook the position of war correspondent for the *London Standard* and *Chicago Tribune*, and on landing at Matanzas was captured and imprisoned.

The amateur champions of Canada for the past three years were: A. Simpson of the Ottawa Golf Club in 1895; Stewart Gillespie, Quebec Golf Club, 1896; and W. A. H. Kerr, Toronto Golf Club, 1897. The question arises, who will win the honor for 1898?

How often we hear that golf is only for old or middle-aged men who have ambled with stiff joints from the lacrosse and cricket fields, and possibly for women who like to combine slow exercise with the halo of club joys. Even those who so scoffingly speak of the game must admit that that particular class are most rapidly on the increase when they read that one order recently given to Nicoll of Leven was for ten thousand cask, iron and mastic heads. Ten thousand at one order! That meant ten thousand new devotees, or ten thousand who found the game so fascinating that they desired to invest in new clubs. Dealers seldom order rashly, and such an order as that indicated that somebody knew just how rapidly the game was spreading, and what a popular sport it was becoming. Golf clubs are springing up everywhere, and the person who hasn't a set of clubs and a knowledge of how to use them is decidedly out of fashion.

## Dramatic Notes.

Julia Arthur, who seems to be particularly unfortunate in the matter of meeting with loss by fire, has sustained another loss. On Thursday night of last week the Erie Railroad Transfer Company's stable, situated at 380 Ninth street, Jersey City, which is a two-story frame building, was destroyed and eighteen horses met their death in the flames. Miss Arthur's stage scenery and about twenty trunks were stored in the upper story, and only a couple of them were saved, the balance being completely ruined. Only a few months ago, at the very beginning of her tour, every stick of scenery and stitch of costumes went up in smoke and flame at the burning of the Detroit Opera House, but Miss Arthur hustled so effectively that in a few weeks she was able to begin all over again with an entire new outfit. This loss is by no means so severe as in the former case.

Vacation has called Joseph Jefferson to the happy fishing-grounds of Buzzard's Bay. Willie Collier has settled down in the actor's colony at St. James, L.L., while Maggie Cline has "joined the majority" at Mount Clemens, Mich. Alice Nielsen was last reported in Japan. Johnstone Bennett and Kate Claxton are among the idlers at Larchmont. Isabel Irving rests at Rahway, N.J. Sothern is in New York, De Angelis at Yonkers, and Mansfield at Rye. Julia Marlowe and her husband (Robert Tabor), Mr. and Mrs. Nat Goodwin (Maxine Elliott), William Crane, Viola Allen, Mary Manning, James Hackett, and a host of other lesser stars are enjoying English hospitality and traveling on the Continent.

London is already talking about Sir Henry Irving's forthcoming impersonation of Robespierre in a play Sardou is writing for him. A great scene will be in the convention, when Tallien makes his final oratorical attack on the dictator. Tallien and Robespierre face each other across a table in the center foreground, and the Lyceum artists are busy planning for the rising tiers of seats all around to make the picture of the convention to be at once realistic and stupendously effective.

An excellent company is being engaged to support Viola Allen in her forthcoming starring tour, when she will be seen in Hall Caine's *The Christian in the role of Glory*. George Woodward, with some adroit acting to his credit, and Marie Bates, whose vivid performance of the part of the old Irish crone in *Jimmy Fadden* gave her transitory fame two years ago, are already under contract. Frank Worthing and Joseph Holland may be members of the company.

Otis Skinner, who has been appearing in the revival of *Shenandoah* at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, is to appear with Joseph Jefferson next September in *The Rivals*, playing the part of Captain Absolute. The tour will include about fourteen weeks. This engagement completed, as it will be by the first of January, Mr. Skinner resumes his own starring tour with a beautiful modern play and a stronger supporting company than he has ever had.

Edmond Rostand has made considerable progress with the new play which he is writing for Sara Bernhardt. It is to be called *L'Aiglon*, and will deal with the melancholy fate of the King of Rome, Napoleon's only son. The poet has already read some portions of his play to Mme. Bernhardt. It will probably be produced at the Theater de la Renaissance in December.

Marie Corelli dislikes newspaper critics and stage people. Indeed, she seems to covet the whole stage. In a recent interview she is reported as saying: "I'm an artistic student of things dramatic, but he is not a great historian. Ellen

Terry is nothing but a very graceful comedienne."

The new musical comedy, *A Greek Slave*, the successor of *The Geisha* at Daly's, in London, has made a great success. Much is said of the music, which is considered far and away better than that in any of the older plays of the same kind.

Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell will play in June an English translation of Maeterlinck's *Pelléas and Melisande* in London. George Meredith's novel, *The Egoist*, has been made into a play for their use.

Ten Nights in a Bar-room, that excellent old play, is running this week at the Toronto Opera House. To-night will be the closing performance of the season.

De Wolf Hopper will be seen next season in *The Charlatan*, by Sousa and Klein. The scene is in Russia, and the leading character is a pretended magician.

Edward Harrigan may appear in a revival of *The Mulligan Guards' Ball*, with Puggist Fitzsimmons interjected in a minor role.

In the new war play, *A Gallant Surrender*, two historical characters, General Grant and General Lee, are introduced.

## A Couple of Stage Stories.

By A WANDERING DILETTANTE.

HERE is a certain hostelry in the city of New York at which you may find almost any afternoon about this season of the year a choice assortment of Knights of the Buskin, whose inclinations or the slim residue of their preceding winter's salaries have induced to remain in town during the dog-days. You may meet, if you have the *entree* into the sanctum sanctorum, (or in plain English, "back-room"), the villain, the genial old gentleman, the comedian, the juvenile, the tragedian, or in fact any of the many characters which you have heard speaking their allotted lines upon the mimic stage. There is usually an air of melancholy over the assembly, which gathers, rather than disperses, as the summer proceeds, although the atmosphere may be at least temporarily lightened at any moment by the introduction of a spendthrift outsider, particularly if he be sufficiently versed in the matter of things theatrical, and the art of flattery, to acknowledge his introduction to the notables present by neat allusions to *roles* in which they have shone in days, or rather nights, gone by. Let such an one have an air of some small prosperity and no apparent connection whatever with the profession; let him be too sparing with invitations to refreshments, and yet not too free, (lest he be taken for a "good thing" and one merely to be nuzzled and cast aside); let him be able to follow a story of life on the road by showing a knowledge of the far-off city in which the scene is laid, and he may hear more unpublished theatrical gossip in an hour than would fill a whole issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

It was in the company of a newspaper man that I first made acquaintance with this gathering, and as nothing was asked about my particular mode of making a living it seemed to be tacitly understood that I spoiled paper myself for a livelihood. I have never disturbed this impression in subsequent visits, as the only individual who can claim the respect of the true Thespian (outside of the "profession") is the journalist. I was fortunate enough to be able to say upon introduction to one of the assembly:

"Glad to meet you, Mr. —. I think I saw you in English's Opera House, Indianapolis, last season." And to another: "How do you do? You were playing in Butte, Montana, when I was last there." It was enough. I too was a wanderer upon the face of the earth, personally acquainted, too, with some of their greater lights, and yet, not being one of their cult, I was not liable to slighting treatment from those who would rightly or wrongly have then considered me an inferior. Many and interesting were the stories told, among which not the least was that of the meeting between John Hare and James Hare (Shore Acres).

Hare was *en route* from Detroit to St. Louis. Hare boarded the same Pullman at Butler, he being bound for Decatur. Hare was enjoying a cigar in the smoking-room and Hare dropped into a seat opposite him. Hare looks more like a well-to-do farmer or an Iowa senator than an actor. Hare, too, does not look his profession, but in voice, manner and appearance appears the retired English merchant on a globe-trotting expedition. Conversation arose over some point of interest and gradually drifted into literature, then into poetry, thence, as they were passing through Indiana, it was but a step to an allusion upon the part of the American to the works of the Hoosier poet. Hare was not very conversant with James Whitcomb Riley, whereupon Mr. Hare gave excerpts illustrative of Riley's peculiar style. Hare was appreciative and this led the other to recite artistically and at length the poem, *That Old Sweetheart of Mine*.

"Why, bless me," said Mr. Hare, "you have marked histrionic ability. Did it never occur to you to go on the stage?"

Hare mused a while, then remarked:

"A few."

He got off at Decatur. The conductor of the train dropped into the vacated seat after they were again on the move, and in that free and easy manner which is only reached in its perfection of genial condescension by a citizen of the United States whose position necessitates brass buttons and gold lace:

"Great actor, that."

"Who?" asked Mr. Hare, supposing one of his company was alluded to.

"Why, Hare—Shore Acres—you were talking to him in here," replied the conductor.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hare.

The London actor is a distinctly differ-

ent genus from the American ditto. Strange as it may seem, such men as Hare may go through the whole season without visiting any theater but the one at which they perform. The reason is simple—when other actors are working, so are they. It is, therefore, in view of this fact, extremely probable that when Mr. Hare said "Ah!" in polite indifference, it was because, stupendous as it may appear, he had never heard of that marvel of stagecraft with which Mr. Hare's name has been so long associated, and in the performance of which a large roast turkey plays such an all-important part.

The conversation had drifted around to that nightmare of the profession—stranding far from home. A genial young gentleman dressed in a noisy check and with much jewelry, who by his own confession had been doing a double turn in a musical farce-comedy, volunteered a personal experience:

"Well, say, talk about gettin' it in the neck. I was with a show that went up the flume in Sioux City. There's a joint! That town's right on the pork. Why, they don't turn on the electric lights on the streets if the moon's scheduled to do a turn. The main street runs north and south, and some nights the moon doesn't get over the tops of the houses so's to light the street till everybody's in bed. You'd break your neck half a dozen times on your way from the hotel to the theater. Then the hotels are all full of red ants—little beggars come up from the kitchen by way of the steam-pipes. Well, we 'went up' in that place, and Jim — and I were left behind, the rest had enough to get out; we didn't, and say, if we didn't put in a tough week. Well, we got at last so we were right on our uppers; not enough to eat, and we began to get desperate. One day Jim and I were mouching along a street, half the houses of which were vacant, for they'd had a boom there, but it had petered out. Presently Jim stops. 'Say, read that,' he says. I looked up where he was pointing and saw a sign up on a big empty house:

One hundred dollars reward will be paid for information that will lead to the conviction of any person or persons damaging these premises.

Then it gave the name and address of the agents.

"Well, what about it?" I said when I'd read it.

"Just this," says Jim: "one of us has got to damage the premises and the other fellow give the information and get the reward."

"How about the one that does the damaging?"

"Well, he'll have to go to clink; we'll have to go soon, anyway, as vagrants."

"Well, we pitched up a flat stone marked on one side—we hadn't a cent to go head and tail with—and Jim was elected to smash the premises."

"Did you work the thing O.K.?" asked somebody.

"Oh, yes. Jim did the job well; he said he might as well do it up brown, and he smashed every blooming window in the house. I followed him up, and as soon as we came in sight of a cop I had him arrested, gave evidence against him, and got the hundred O.K."

"And Jim?"

"Oh, Jim went down for sixty days and when he came out they were soft enough to give him a ticket for home. He lived in Buffalo. Then he had half the reward waiting for him in an order at the post-office. We have played together since then, but we have never struck Sioux City, thank the Lord."

## The Ways of These Wicked Men.

Harriet Caryl Cox in Life.

"We don't care," she said, glancing at the two figures far down the beach.

"Of course not," he replied promptly, drawing nearer. "Why should we?"

He looked at her admiringly. Her eyes were following their late companions.

"We shouldn't," she replied hastily, with a little catch in her breath, "only—"

She paused.

"Only what?" bending so that he could look into the downward eyes.

"Well, I thought that you might care."

"Nonsense!" taking her hand. "Just because I've been thrown with Miss Chil-

ton a good deal you think that I



## Hobo Island

A Commercial Traveler's Story of a  
Generous Experiment.

By MACK.

**SYNOPSIS.**—Mr. Hopper, a commercial traveler, stopping over-night at a hotel on the Georgian Bay, falls in with a well known university professor, and sees him at midnight in conversation with two disreputable-looking men under the hotel window. The Professor comes to Mr. Hopper's room and exacts a promise that he shall not inform anyone next morning of what he saw. The Professor explains that he is secretly taking twenty-three tramps and beggars from the city jails up to an island owned by him in the Georgian Bay, where he intends to establish them in log houses so that they can support themselves by fishing and hunting and escape the vice and hardship of city life. Next morning Mr. Hopper finds that his trunk has been gone through and many of his samples stolen, and that the hotel bar had been robbed of liquor and cigars. The Professor had gone away at 1:30 a.m., and Hopper suspects his tramps of the robbery. He makes arrangements to set out in search of Hobo Island to recover his goods and look after the Professor. His friend, Hemphill, arrives; they set a small sailing-yacht with provisions, and set out. On the evening of the second day they fall in with an old Englishman, Sir Myles Deep, who, with two serving-men, is on an island awaiting the arrival of the knight's steam-yacht from Sarnia, with a party of tourists and supplies. Hopper and Hemphill stay for supper and accept an invitation to remain over-night.

## PART IV.

WE had enjoyed a hearty meal and it was pleasant sitting on the high brow of a rock, looking over innumerable islands that seemed to have pushed themselves up through the water without having caused a ripple. The silence was complete, save for the distant croaking of frogs down at the marshy end of a little bay, and the loud challenge of a whip-poor-will on an island opposite. Nowhere could we see sign of the steam-yacht, and Billings and the row-boat had disappeared from view.

"Might I trouble you for a pipeful of tobacco?" said Sir Myles to Hemphill, who had just loaded his pipe. "Thank you. This old pipe of mine has a history—or rather, I should say that the man who gave it to me had a history. It's a rather disreputable old pipe now, but I value it very much because of the man who gave it to me."

In truth, the pipe was a very shabby bit of wood, and its like can be seen any day where old smokers hang about bar-rooms—a most unknighly pipe, in fact.

"This pipe was given to me one day in Calcutta by Major Kelly—that was in, let me see, in '76."

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes, I've had it since '76. It has been in almost constant use since then. It is made of a famous native wood of Burmah—look at it."

"Very much like our maple," said Hemphill.

"Very," said Sir Myles. "Very much indeed. One could scarcely tell them apart, but if you should try to burn this and also a maple pipe, you would see the difference. This will scarcely burn at all. The edges are burned somewhat, but the pipe has seen twenty years of service. I value it because of the strange fate of the man who gave it to me."

"What happened to him?" we asked.

"Why, this was Major Kelly, the man of Mhowgli Bridge, in the Afghanistan trouble—the little rumpus of '79."

"Never heard of him," said Hemphill.

"Dear me—dear me! Major Kelly was the warm friend of Col. Burnaby, and just such another. I knew them both—knew both of 'em. You know how Burnaby died—killed about as many men as Samson at his death. You know the verses: 'And when some scoffing alien tongue shall speak of us with scorn, Or mock at our decaying strength, the child as yet unborn Shall heed the dastard to his teeth and tell exultingly How like the Israelite of old died Samson Burnaby.'"

The eccentric old knight spoke these lines with great fire, and we assured him that we had heard all about Col. Burnaby, but not of his friend, Major Kelly.

"Oh, a prime fellow—a right stirring stamp of a man, with prodigious strength and daring. The two of them were worth a whole regiment in any tussle with Arabs or negroes. But they both went under at last. Kelly went out against the Afghans and fought all day at Mhowgli Bridge, and when night fell the opposing forces lay on each bank. It was nearly midnight when Major Kelly crept over to Capt. Arbottle and told him to take charge and keep a sharp watch, as he was going to creep across the bridge and see how the enemy lay. Arbottle tried to persuade him not to venture, but Kelly made no reply—merely told him to obey orders and if he heard trouble on the bridge to make a rush for it. Arbottle heard not a sound until morning, and with the streak of dawn not a sight of the enemy could be found. They had gone completely and Major Kelly has never been seen nor heard of since. His fate is enveloped in doubt. He may have been killed or captured, or dear knows what. It made a great stir at the time, but he is forgotten now."

With such interesting reminiscences did Sir Myles entertain us. He had been in almost every country in the world and could talk entertainingly upon any topic that might crop up.

When we finally retired to the camp-fire—to escape the mosquitoes which began to pester us—the talk was continued, and at eleven o'clock we retired to the shanty, which proved to be a rather warm sleeping place. The two men, indeed, slept in our boat. But we slept well enough once we got started, and it was nearly 8 o'clock when Hemphill aroused me in the morning. He was bending over me.

"Hopper, look here, I don't like this," he said in a low voice.

"Don't like what?" I said, sitting up.

"Why, Sir Myles and his men are not around anywhere and my boat's gone."

"Get out," I said, going to the door.

"The row-boat's there. They've gone for a little run. It's 8 o'clock—they've been up for two or three hours, I guess, and went for a run without disturbing us."

"But, confound it all, Hopper, they've loaded everything into her—the basket and box of bottles, and, thunder, they've got my rifle."

We looked blankly at each other.

"Perhaps he is having a bit of shooting," I said, and then I ran up the high rock to get a view of the surrounding waters. No sign of the boat could be seen.

"If he was going for a sail or a bit of shooting why would he load up the boat?" shouted Hemphill, and I came back feeling mightily crestfallen.

"What the deuce does it mean?"

"I don't know. Look here—look there," exclaimed Hemphill, pointing to the row-boat, and on the seat of it was tacked a folded sheet of paper. We pulled it off and opened it.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—You will pardon me I hope for the privilege I have taken should you awake before my return—

"There, what did I tell you?" said I.

"He's just gone off for an hour."

before my return. The delay of that confounded yacht has rendered me very uneasy and I've run out to have a look around, and to leave word with the fisherman on Blue Rock to signal my yacht if he sees her and to pass the word along about her. I'll be back by eight or half-past.

Yours, DEEP.

We looked at each other with much relief and together walked up the rocky hill, but still no sign of the boat could be seen.

"He's got some nerve," said Hemphill.

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "He is quite ruffled about his steam-yacht and no doubt felt sure that he would get back before we got out."

"Well, why didn't he wait until we got out? What's the hurry? And say, why did he load up all our traps? That's what I want to know."

I couldn't answer that, and so with uneasy minds we went back to the silent log shanty and looked into things. When we opened a little rough cupboard we looked at each other in consternation. Here were a couple of bottles of our own ale, a plate with some of our sliced tongue on it—in fact, Sir Myles had left us victuals for a

day or so. It began to look as if he had made off.

Any uncertainty on this score was soon removed, however, by a little discovery on my part, for in a corner I found a disused linen collar. It bore no laundry mark, but it was a new make of collar which I had been introducing to the trade, and a box of them had been among the goods stolen from my trunk at the hotel. Our feelings may be imagined.

"Well, this beats dime novels," said Hemphill. "As my friend Sir Astley Cooper used to say, Myles, you are a deep one—a mile deep."

It is not necessary to relate how we quarreled as to which of us had been duped the more completely, but I still hold that Hemphill was chiefly to blame, for he had told Sir Myles (to still use the name given us by the man whom we now believed to be a humbug) all about the robbery, the Professor and the tramps, and this I had not in any way referred to. But Hemphill angered me by saying that I had cringed to the knight from the first and swallowed his Sir Astley yarns, and opened the only bottle of Scotch in our possession when the old fellow looked at it.

"Let us take a row around the island," Hemphill suggested.

"What for?"

"Well, what would we do anything for?" demanded he savagely. "By all means let us sit down on a rock and wait for your knightly friend to come back."

"Don't be a fool if you can help it," said I. "My knightly friend? Didn't you promise to go to his place in Yorkshire next summer when you are in England?"

"Don't upset this canary-colored yacht," retorted Hemphill as I stepped into the rickety old row-boat. He pulled around the island and I confess that I understood and shared my comrade's hope that we

might find Sir Myles lying there with our boat fishing, or having a practical joke.

But we found no such joke to laugh at—nothing but the silence of nature.

"Well, I know one thing," said I. "When that man Billings went off last night to look for the canary-colored yacht I saw him pull away down among those islands as hard as he could row. No doubt he went to warn some of the others, and maybe we are nearer the Professor than we think."

"Hang the Professor. I just want to get my boat and two kicks at Sir Myles—Sir Myles Deep. Why in thunder didn't we know he was a fakir with such a name? It's a comic opera name, anyhow."

But we decided to wait around until ten o'clock, and if the strangers did not return to then pull away in the direction taken by Billings the night before and see what we could find.

(To be Continued.)

## The Reverse of the Shield.

Misery for the Women Whose Men are at the War.

NEXT to being with the army in the war comes being with the army's wives, daughters and sisters, which I have been for the past few days. There is much excitement, many sorties from quarters to quarters, wild-eyed ladies with no curl in their bangs and queer little letters clutched in trembling hands, who raid one during breakfast and in broken voices read the simple tale of heroism, pain or death which was written by other trembling fingers on the battle-field. A few doors away a woman lies asleep; she has not slept for nights and nights, and voices are hushed as the ladies pass her door and whisper words of conviction that the husband of that woman will pull through, though in a

torrid and comfortless country, when one's jaw is shot through and one's teeth make an involuntary meal of one's tongue and bullets have ricocheted around one's neck, pulling through is a complicated undertaking. Further down the line sits a bent brown figure in an arm-chair, crutches propped at his side, and his head bent over a grand pathetic bouquet which a small patriotess has just brought to him. He does not see the gay posies, I am sure, for his bloodshot eyes still strain to the hill-top of San Juan, and he feels again the pitiless glare of Cuban sunshine and the prick of the thorns, and the sharp twinge of the bullet that broke his kneecap as he led his company up that fatal hill, where the fighting Thirteenth made a name for themselves. Near to the quiet man on the veranda, who sits blindly looking at his bouquet, and watched over by a serious-faced baby grandson, is a pretty family party—a brown-eyed girl-wife, a wrecked young man, husky-voiced and skeletonized by fever, the dapper lieutenant we used to know, so weak that he finds the little son who has arrived during his absence at the war a monstrous weight to lift. Sadder things than the homecoming heroes are here. There is one bright young fellow's kit to be set aside, his little goods and chattels to be packed up and sent to his friends, for he is scantly covered with a few shovelfuls of Cuban earth as he lies where he fell, buried, so an officer's wife quiveringly relates, with not even a kerchief between his handsome face and the clods that cover it! I think the men who come home to be tended make it doubly hard for the women whose men are still in the land of sunstroke and malaria. A tearful passion of rebellious envy comes to her who sits empty-handed behind her screen-doors and sees the emaciated lieutenant slowly crawling to church holding the arm of the brown-eyed

little wife. Then there comes striding along a stalwart boy who was detailed to stay behind, and who sets his face grimly and announces that he is planning to join the troops now. There will be a better chance for him when so many officers are wounded! If the Thirteenth had not borne the brunt of that Dominion Day fight there would not be to-day the keen and searching heart-pangs, nor yet the tremulous exultation which is in the air here. And a cable comes from her only son to the gray-haired lady around the corner, telling of the safety of the son and the arrival of the daughter, who has gone to nurse someone else's father or brother between her thanksgivings that her own does not need her. It is all very touching, very terrible, to be with the women whose men are in the war.

The fort is so quiet, even the brilliant flag goes up slowly and comes down sadly, with no sound of rattling music, for the band is away doing hospital work at the battle-field. Half a dozen blue-coats, who for one reason or another were chosen to be left behind, stray forlornly about the men's quarters. Every scented breeze, every cool lake wind that one might otherwise enjoy, rouses the women to sigh—"Oh, if they could only sit out here for an hour!" One officer, with a thousand duties, is badgered by reporters, questioned by women, bullied by the Fort babies and generally ill-treated, and goes about, patient and handsome, like the last rose of summer left blooming alone. I saw him just now laying down the law to a tiny girl baby who was tobogganing down a green terrace bank, and in the next second he was trying to dodge a man with a note-book, and an old bearded gentleman who wanted a correct list of the wounded and missing, and wanted it with a trembling earnestness that confessed a personal and not a journalistic interest. There is not far away from the Fort a quiet room where a girl nurses the memory of a lover whose arms will never be stretched to greet her when the heroes of the Thirteenth come back to Buffalo, for they are folded under Cuban earth in that hasty grave, and the saddest widow ever made is added to the long sum of war's victims. And lastly, there is no great impulse of enthusiasm about this war. Obedience, submission, courage, but not the inspiration that should come from a definite and accepted *casus belli*. It does not "go" as it would with a different aim. It has been begun and it must be gone through with, *volita tout!*

Fort Porter, July, '98. LADY GAY.

## The Vienna Races at Rosedale.

PROBABLY the most important bicycle race meet of the year was held on the Rosedale track last Saturday afternoon, and in comparison with other meets held this year the attendance was first-class. It is not very difficult to see why public interest in bicycle racing is waning both in this country and across the line—or for that matter in Europe, where it has already reached its last quarter. Only the best of the professionals can make a living, and they by no means possess the snap that Zimmerman had in his first few years as a pro. The reason that bicycle racing is losing its hold is because one race looks exactly like another.

To the ordinary eye the matter of twenty seconds or so more or less in a mile is not apparent. A novice race is as good as an open race—indeed, in these degenerate days of the "crawl and sprint" it is often better. There is not enough excitement in the game from the spectator's standpoint. All juggling and scheming tactics for position and pace-making are meaningless to the uninitiated and strike many of those who do understand them as being unfair. It is often not a matter of speed, but one of luck. If a rider has to take the pace in the last lap he seldom has much chance of winning, though he may be the fastest in the bunch. He is tired comparatively, and when it comes to the sprint those who have been riding snugly out of the wind behind him jump out and pass him. For this reason he makes the pace slow to save himself for the final spurt, and thus it is that we see men who are competing for the chance to win the championship of the world, riding races at slower than three minutes to the mile. Nevertheless, the large crowd at the Vienna competition meet were very well satisfied with the show they got for their money. Though the time was slow, yet they knew that the exceptional prize at stake was making the men ride their best, and there was excitement enough in the sprints.

Sherritt pretty conclusively demonstrated that he was the best sprinter in Canada last Saturday. Drury beat him in the mile race, but Sherritt and Barnes bumped half-way down the stretch, Barnes having the spokes ripped out of his front wheel and Sherritt pausing in his sprint. It is a pity that Wilson and Drury fell in the five mile. They were the men who had pushed Sherritt hardest during the day, both having beaten him in a heat of the one mile, although Sherritt claimed a foul in this heat and was allowed to ride in the final. It would have cleared all doubts if the three had been able to try conclusions in the last race, but after all, Sherritt won the half-mile, and the five mile only became a race in the last lap.

Many were disappointed in the show of Riddell of Winnipeg. He showed up well at Peterborough, although he did not meet Sherritt. He had never been beaten in Manitoba, or in fact on any track until last Saturday. He distinguished himself in Chatham last year by falling five miles out on the century road race, running back for another wheel, and going out on the long ride again by himself to try for the record. Though he did not break this, he rode the century in a little over seven hours, and considering the heat of the day it was a very plucky thing to do. Riddell claims he can ride faster down here than he can ride at home, it being so much hotter here. I would like to see him try Sherritt again on a half-mile track with a good long stretch. Riddell likes a long sprint, and the corners at Rosedale bother him. He lost his pedals in one race, having sprinted down the back stretch and left the bunch yards behind. Although the field caught him before he got going again, he won in the home stretch, riding without his toe-clips. I think he can show up better than he did last Saturday.



DESERTED



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Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest  
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Koenigin Luise, Aug. 11; H. H. Meier, Aug. 23  
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steamer Corona can make connection with  
steamer Chicora at Niagara-on-the-Lake and  
return to Toronto. JOHN FOY, Manager.

## Anecdotal.

A student recently asked the president  
of Oberlin College if he could not take a  
shorter course than that prescribed by the  
institution. "Oh, yes," was the reply,  
"but that depends upon what you want  
to make of yourself. When God wants to  
make an oak he takes a hundred years,  
but when he wants to make a squash he  
takes six months."

That famous old country gentleman, the  
late Sir Rainald Knightley, had been ex-  
patriated after dinner on the undoubted  
glories of his famous pedigree. The com-  
pany was getting a little restive under the  
recitation, when Sir William Harcourt  
was heard to say, in an aside: "This re-  
minds me of Addison's evening hymn,  
And Knightley to the listening earth re-  
peats the story of his birth."

As a courtier Lord Beaconsfield excelled.  
Once, sitting at dinner by the Princess of  
Wales, he was trying to cut a hard dinner  
roll. The knife slipped and cut his finger,  
which the princess, with her natural  
grace, instantly wrapped up in her hand-  
kerchief. The old gentleman gave a dra-  
matic groan and exclaimed: "I asked for  
bread and they gave me a stone, but I  
had a princess to bind my wounds."

At dinner at Balliol the guests of the  
master, Dr. Jowett, were discussing the  
careers of two Balliol men, the one of  
whom had just been made a judge and  
the other a bishop. "Oh," said Henry  
Smith, "I think the bishop is the greater  
man. A judge, at the most, can only say,  
'You be hanged, but a bishop can say,  
'You be d—d.' " "Yes," characteristi-  
cally twitted the master; "but if the  
judge says, 'You be hanged,' you are  
hanged."

George P. Morris, the author of Wood-  
man, Spare That Tree, was a general of  
the New York militia. Once Fitz-Greene  
Halleck, the author of Marco Bozzaris,  
called upon Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood,

New York, in his old age, and she asked  
him to define for her what was poetry and  
what was prose. He replied: "When  
General Morris commands his brigade,  
and says, 'Soldiers, draw your swords,' he  
talks prose. When he says, 'Soldiers,  
draw your willing swords,' he talks poetry."

A good story is going around about  
President McKinley. A reporter on one  
of the chief papers was sent to interview  
him on a matter the President was not at  
liberty to reveal, or the paper to enquire  
into. On being told that the information  
could not be given out, he said, "You  
know, if I go back without a 'story' I  
shall lose my place." The President, who  
had known him for years, said, "If they  
discharge you, I'll make you a consul."  
They did, and the President kept his  
word.

Dr. Zukertort, the celebrated chess-  
player, was walking in the street one day,  
when an idea struck him with regard to  
a certain chess opening, and he began care-  
fully to think it out with a view to play-  
ing it in his next game with the equally  
well-known player Mr. Steinitz. Lost in  
thought, he stood at the corner of a street  
for a long time, until a policeman, suspect-  
ing him, went up and told him to move  
on. "Beg pardon," replied the little  
doctor absently, without looking up, "it's  
your move!"

When the Queen came to the throne her  
first public act was to go in state to St.  
James' Palace to be proclaimed. She  
naturally wished to be accompanied in her  
state coach only the Duchess of Kent and  
one of the ladies of the household; but  
Lord Albemarle, who was Master of the  
Horse, insisted that he had a right to  
travel with Her Majesty in the coach, as  
he had done with William IV. The matter  
was submitted to the Duke of Wellington  
as a kind of universal referee in matters of  
precedent and usage. His judgment was  
delightfully unflattering to the outraged  
magnate: "The Queen can make you go  
inside the coach or outside the coach, or  
run behind like a damned tinker's dog."

When it was proposed to lessen the list  
of crimes punished by death, Lord Eldon  
objected to the noise being banished in  
cases of petty shop-lifting. "The small  
shopkeepers will be ruined by this ex-  
emption," said the old Tory Lord Chancellor.  
Another Tory, a judge, so venerated the  
sovereign that he included in his regard  
any article belonging to the king, no mat-  
ter how far removed from actual posses-  
sion. A tailor had been condemned for  
the murder of a soldier, and the judge  
tacked on this addition to the sentence of  
death: "And not only did you murder  
him, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce,  
or project, or propel the lethal weapon  
through the belly-band of his breeches,  
which were His Majesty's!"

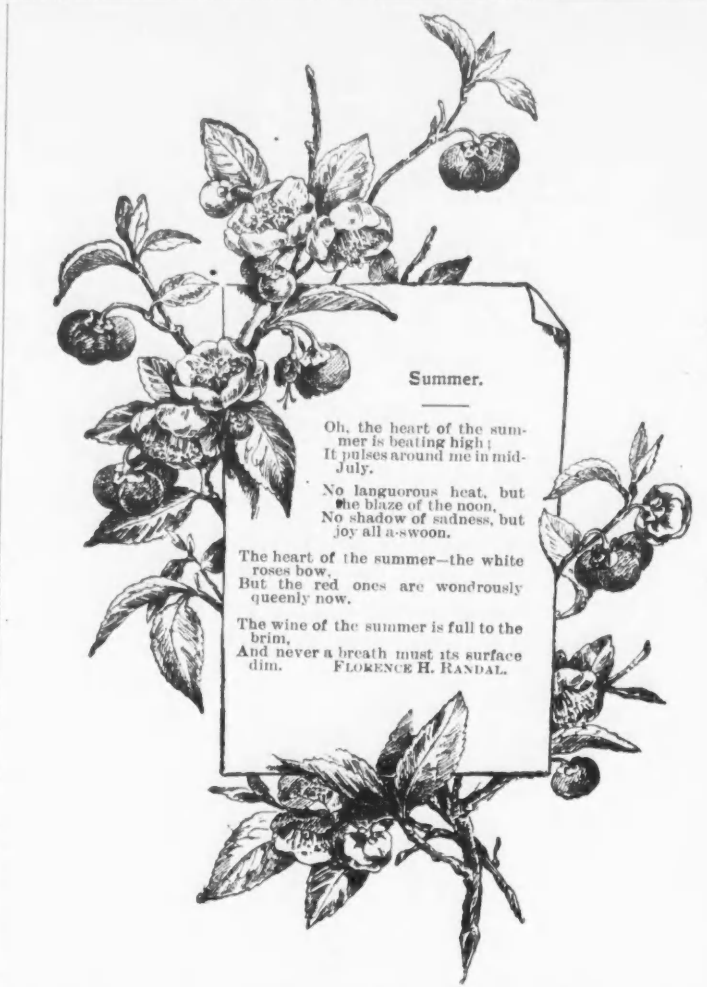
The Pendletonians were justly proud of  
Mr. Calhoun, and sensitive as to the im-  
pression which he made upon strangers.  
When Judge Prioleau became a resident,  
they were anxious to know his impressions  
of their Ajax. When they first met, as  
soon as Calhoun left the table, the ques-  
tion was eagerly asked, "How do you like  
him?" "Not at all," was the new-comer's  
reply; "I desire never to meet him again."  
This was a sad rebuff, and an explanation  
was demanded. "I hate a man who makes  
me think so much," the judge replied;  
"for the last three hours I have been on  
the stretch, trying to follow him through  
heaven and earth. I feel wearied with  
the effort; and I hate a man who makes  
me feel my own inferiority." Pendleton  
was appeased.

## On Giving Advice.

A Matrimonial Agency.

ADVICE is cheap; that's one reason  
why so much of it is given  
away. The attitude of advice  
appeals to all small-minded or  
conceited persons, and is above  
all things abhorred by mental-  
ities of larger growth. No one expects  
advice to be taken, unless advised, adviser,  
or both are foolish. But the wise person  
who fears a friend's backsliding or dis-  
courage knows better than to hold  
that friend's nose and earn advice down  
like a pill. He has another way, a canny  
and sure way of ensuring a swallow.  
He discourses pleasantly and ambiguously  
upon the particular rock he thinks the  
friend may split upon, and cites regretful  
instances of shipwreck, and appeals to  
the endangered friend to back up his  
wonder that men and women can be such  
eternal idiots as to do this thing, which he  
knows in his soul the friend was contem-  
plating. And the friend, startled, con-  
fused and half-convinced, backs him up  
vehemently, and by degrees gets at it  
from the new point of view and is saved.  
And this is a successful method of giving  
advice.

A matrimonial agency is a curious place  
to happen on. In a city not half a day's  
journey from Toronto is such an establish-  
ment, at least, such it poses as being,  
though some years of worldly wisdom  
will make one doubt whether that is all  
its business. The applicant, man or woman,  
pays a stiff fee and is permitted to  
look over an album full of pictures and a  
book of references and descriptions, with  
many particulars beside, of interest only  
to the contemplating Darcy or Joan.  
There are a few actresses and a few re-  
tired vocalists, a good many widows and  
some young and beautiful girls. These  
latter are mainly of poor parentage and  
hold their bank account in their faces.  
Looking over the entries in the man's  
books, and comparing them with those in  
the woman's register, it would seem easy  
to pair many of the applicants. The men  
are mostly foreigners, and horny-handed  
sons of toil; there is a count or two, how-  
ever, and several retired lake and river  
sailing men. No mark is given whether  
negotiations were successful in any case,  
at least none to be observed by the unini-  
tiated, but the custodian says that fully  
fifty per cent. of the introductions lead to  
marriages, and happy ones, too. It is  
difficult to imagine this to be a fact, but



Oh, the heart of the sum-  
mer is beating high!  
It pulses around me in mid-  
July.

No languorous heat, but  
the blaze of the noon,  
No shadow of sadness, but  
joy all a-swoon.

The heart of the summer—the white  
roses bow,  
But the red ones are wondrously  
queerly now.

The wine of the summer is full to the  
brim,  
And never a breath must its surface  
dim.

FLORENCE H. RANDALL.

at least one has come under my own eye,  
and certainly the condition might have  
been described as happy in the extreme.  
He was a bluff lake captain, obese, good-  
natured, and fond of a pipe and a glass of  
Scotch. She was a wiry, sharp-nosed,  
determined little woman, who had taught  
school until her knuckles had come on  
them from rapping for order, and she  
worshipped her portly husband, while he  
was never tired of telling how he picked  
her out of a score, and all of them better-  
looking!

LADY GAY.

## Ode to a Defaced Postage Stamp

Thou, surmounted by a queen,  
That to me a letter bore,  
What does thy defacing mean,  
Is thy lot forever o'er?

Thou wert married that I might know,  
What ideas had been wrought  
In a mind designed to grow,  
Broadening with a wider thought.

Little didst thou think there lay  
In that letter brought to me,  
Dreams which in a larger day,  
Should endure immortally.

Dreams which breathed the breath of heaven,  
Circling through earth's coarser air,  
They at night to him were given,  
And he gave them to thy care.

And thy mission's now fulfilled,  
Thou art useless in this state;  
Yet thou brought'st me thoughts which thrill'd,  
And although defaced thou wert great.

But within thyself thou  
No concealed immensity,  
Where is that engraver now,  
Who in steel first pattern'd thee?

Was there mid'st not in thy mould  
Part of thy designer's mind?  
Aets are thoughts in matter roll'd;  
Soul then in thee shall find.

On the letter's outside,  
Kindred unto that within,  
Equal greatness did abide,  
Partied by a wall so thin.

Art thou greater than that other  
Stamp, which once beside thee lay?  
Thou wert taken, but thy brother  
Was allowed unharmed to stay.

And thou'rt filled with use no more,  
That shall lose its virtue never,  
But while lives that thought thou bore,  
Thou, O Stamp, shall live forever.

What if thou that strew'st thy strife,  
Ne'er hadst in thy mould been laid,  
Would the mind which gave thee life,  
Have some mightier being made?

Answer "Yes." The past has flown;  
But "No," thou art the best  
Of thy place and hour long gone;  
Peace madd'nd Stamp, and take thy rest!

ALBERT R. J. F. HARRIS,  
Toronto, July 14, 1898.

## Privates in the War.

Two nephews of President McKinley  
have enlisted in the volunteer army as  
privates. They are John Dewalt Barber  
and James Fuller McKinley, who have  
been guests at the White House for some  
time. Although the President was urged  
by some of their friends to appoint them  
second lieutenants, he preferred that his  
relatives should enlist as privates since  
they were willing to do so, and the young  
men enlisted in the Eighth Regiment,  
Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

## How Every Reader of This Paper Can Make Money.

For several months I have noticed ad-  
vertisements in different religious papers  
describing an improved Dish Washer. As  
I had grown so tired of washing the dishes  
the old way, I sent for information to  
Dept. L. 9, Iron City Dish Washer Co.,  
Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., regarding their  
Washer. They sent me one and I have  
found it to do just as they said it would.  
It washes and dries the dishes in less than  
one half the time it usually takes, and I  
never have to put my hands in the greasy  
dish water. My little girl, aged eight  
years, thinks it lots of fun to wash the  
dishes, and she can do it as well as myself.  
Several of my neighbors came in to see it  
work and they all wanted one. I wrote  
the company and they allowed me a com-  
mission. They also wrote and told me  
how to become their agent. I am now  
making \$10 a week and still attend to my  
housework. The Dish Washer sells every-  
where. I show it and that makes the  
work easy. I understand they still want  
a few good agents, and anyone desiring  
to make money easy should write them.

A CONSTANT READER.

"Don't you think a nip of toddy might  
warm a body up a bit?" she asked.  
"Maybe," he answered.  
The toddy was brought forth.  
"This toddy is first-rate, Mr. B—," she  
said, as she took a sip, "but toddy ain't  
much good without egg in it."

Mr. B— is a man with a good sense of  
humor, so he made up his mind to try an  
experiment. Producing the very egg she  
had just sold him—the only one, by the  
way, in the store—he broke the shell and  
dropped its contents into the glass of  
toddy.

The egg was a beauty, having two yolks  
each fully as large as an ordinary one.  
The woman saw it, uttered a cry of sur-  
prise, then turned to him and exclaimed:  
"Why, Mr. B—, that egg was a  
double-yolked one! You ought to give  
me another pair of knitting needles!"

## Agonizing Pains.

Endured by Those who Suffer from  
Sciatica—A Victim Tells How  
to Obtain Relief.

Probably no trouble that afflicts man-  
kind causes more intense agony than  
sciatica. Frequently the victim is utterly  
helpless, the least movement causing the  
most agonizing pains. Those who are  
suffering from this malady the following  
statement from Mr. John Hayes, of  
Hayesville, York Co., N.B., will point the  
road to relief and cure. Mr. Hayes says:  
"For upwards of twenty years I have suf-  
fered from weakness and pain in the back.  
Some four years ago my trouble was in-  
tensified by sciatica settling in my right  
leg. What I suffered seems almost be-  
yond description. I employed three  
doctors but all to no purpose; I had to  
give up work entirely, and almost de-  
paired of life. This continued for two  
years—years filled with misery. At this  
time I was advised to try Dr. Williams'  
Pink Pills, and after using six boxes both  
the sciatica and the weakness in the back  
which had troubled me so long were gone.  
I was again a well man and feeling fine  
years younger than before I began the  
pills. Nearly two years have passed since  
I discontinued the use of Dr. Williams'  
Pink Pills, and in that time no symptom  
of the trouble has shown itself. Under  
God I thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for  
what they have done for me."

Mr. Hayes voluntarily testifies to the  
truth of the above statement before  
Edward Whosead, Esq., J.P., and his  
statements are further vouched for by  
Rev. J. N. Barnes of Stanley, N.B.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every  
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-  
quests correspondents to observe the following  
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist  
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-  
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be  
answered in their order, unless under unusual  
circumstances. Correspondents need not take  
up their own and the Editor's time by writing  
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-  
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.  
4. Please address Correspondence Column.  
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons  
are not studied.

MOUSHIRI AND CANADIAN.—These are two  
children whose writing is yet too crude to con-  
sider finally. Moushir is the more offhand,  
and Canadian thinks deeper and is more re-  
served and considerate of others. Both are  
free from crankiness in temper and ambitious  
to get along.

OTLOCI—I dare say you are right. The cap-  
tain Concas whom you met on the Santa  
Maria, the caravel we saw at the World's Fair,  
is presumably the same man. Let us hope  
Uncle Sam won't hurt him. I think one may  
say the Cuban war is practically decided. No,  
I don't think any war should be necessary.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—If force be fault, then  
weaker! You are very strong, very decided,  
very tenacious a bit pessimistic, and most  
easy to satisfy in material things. You are  
imagine live, impetuous and enterprising.  
Sometimes almost brusque in method, but  
always honest and sincere. I am at your feet  
in quite unaffected admiration.

MOUTH-ORGAN.—Can I tell you your char-  
acter? Well, I suppose I can; but your or-  
thography nearly gives me a fit. There are  
persons who spell seriously and those who spell  
comically, and you are one of the latter. You  
do on m-u-s-i-c. How sweet of you. I should  
think you were about twelve years old. I can-  
not tell you how to be pretty. Never mind; be  
honest, and if anyone doesn't like it, let them  
look elsewhere. Bye-bye.

SISTER JANE.—I guess you can stand it if  
your friends can. You are very bright, very  
independent, lacking force of will and pur-  
pose, too apt to be discouraged. There is much  
originality of thought and cleverness of expres-  
sion with a touch of something that looks  
like Ireland. Aren't you an Irishwoman?  
Great self-respect and some reticence are  
shown. You are eminently trustworthy. The  
writing is that of a cultured and well-bred  
person, who is conventional from tradition,  
not from natural bent.

BLUE BELL.—Sorry you had to wait so long.  
Your turn has just come. 2. Your writing  
shows a gentle, conservative and feminine  
nature, a bit easy-going and careless of effect,  
but not inclined to neglect duties. You are  
not very good at an argument, though you can  
think pretty clearly. I think you yield too  
easily to influence. 3. Unless you give me  
some particulars I cannot select books for you  
to read. Do you want them for recreation  
only? Then read some of the good novels. The  
Dickens and Thackeray books you've probably  
read. There are some of Anthony Hope's—  
Prisoner of Zenda, and its sequel Rupert of

the North.

A Woman of Business.

"Speaking of driving bargains," a coun-  
try merchant from Central Vermont was  
saying, (writes Major Allen, Twyford in  
Short Stories), "we've got a woman in our  
town who's a record breaker. Yes, sir,  
she's a woman's wonder."

Then he told a story which bears out his  
statement. It was this way:

In every country district the "store  
keeper" necessarily does business by  
barter, the farmer receiving in exchange  
for his produce its value in whatever he  
desires. There prevails in certain sections  
of Vermont a curious local custom, which  
is no other than the merchant keeping  
toddy on tap in winter to thaw out, as it  
were, his customers as they come in.

One day last winter the woman referred  
to discovered that she was sadly in need  
of a pair of knitting needles. Spend money  
for knitting needles—never! She must  
find an egg. Now, it so happened that  
eggs were at the top notch in value, and no  
hen is generous in getting rid of eggs in  
such conditions. However, the woman  
began a systematic search of the hay-  
mow, and not a square inch of it escaped  
her vigilant eye until she was rewarded.  
Making her way to the store, she was  
soon a proud possessor of the knitting  
needles.

"This is a cold day, Mr. B—" she re-  
marked as she stood rubbing her hands  
together before the red-hot stove.

"Yes, it's pretty frosty out."

**PACKARD MAKES IT**  
PACKARD OF MONTREAL  
MAKES A SHOE DRESSING FREE  
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PRESERVES, CLEANS,  
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THER IMPERVIOUS TO  
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LUSTROUS SHOES.

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AT ALL  
SHOE STORES  
L. M. PACKARD & CO.

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Many customers hesitate to en-  
quire the facts about our goods  
under the impression that our  
prices are as high as our reputa-  
tion.

Nothing could be farther from  
the fact. We sell first-class pianos  
at very reasonable prices, and our  
terms of payment are sufficiently  
elastic to suit almost anyone.

We sell not only Mason & Risch  
pianos, but are also agents for  
Chickering & Sons (Boston) and  
Vose & Son (Boston).

It is no trouble for us to answer  
letters.

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PIANO CO. LIMITED**  
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without pain  
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Queen and Seaton and 407 King St.

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106 King St. West  
Telephone 2471

Hentzel, which might interest you. The latter  
is just out. And I am about tired of recom-  
mending James Lane Allen's books—The Choir  
Invisible, The Kentucky Colonel, and After-  
math. They are utterly charming. I don't  
know from your writing whether you would  
appreciate them.

ARKITER ELIGANTARIUM.—Now, do your  
duty, not that you are usually lax in the par-  
ticular, for your criticisms are usually severe.  
Duties are sometimes unpleasant, but do not  
rub it in too hard! This is the way the in-  
dividual with the nom de plume in dead lan-  
guages adjoins me. My unpleasant duty is,  
though the above may not believe it, great fun.  
Only now have I laid down a letter from a  
Western Irishman that brought tears to my  
eyes of mirth—he's very funny. It's most  
unpleasant to laugh till you cry; but I don't  
believe A. E. has ever done so. 2. This study  
is very careful, deliberate and affected. Writer  
lacks any sense of humor, is commonplace in  
imagination and studied in expression; the  
natural attitude is simple and forcible, but  
writer is everything else but natural. There  
are signs of cleverness; the ambition to rise is  
immense, and the power lacking. One of the  
pleasant traits is a pretty turn of fancy and a  
love of harmony, combined with excellent  
judgment. A very plausible and persistent  
method is shown, and a beauty and grace  
which should have nobler inspiration.

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together before the red-hot stove.

"Yes, it's pretty frosty out."

DO NOT TAKE ANYTHING ELSE

Ask for and see that the word Monsoon is on the packet.  
It has the continuous call at all grocers—25, 30, 40, 50  
and 60c. per pound.

**MONSOON**  
INDO-CYLON TEA

before you  
go to your  
summer home

better get a Tyrrell Fountain  
Pen and a neat box of note



## Studio and Gallery

THE frauds and impositions which have been in all time perpetrated upon the public would lead us to suspect that some where in our metaphysical make-up is an element which is at least not averse to being cozened. This much we are sure of, mankind loves speculation, and it is likely that it is this phase of our complex mental anatomy that the different fakes and fakirs which have subsisted as parasites on too trusting human nature, have bled in their various schemes for subsistence. We are easily duped. The extent to which these jokes are perpetrated in the name of art is astounding and quizzical as well. A recent art connoisseur (I picked up on the floor of a little barber shop in a narrow street in Amsterdam, for \$16, a painting he declared to be by Gabriel Metsu, which he sold for \$500. The present owner, it is said, holds it at \$5,000. How it lay so long on a floor in a shop in Amsterdam of all places is not stated. For Gabriel Metsu's work was sufficiently well known there, surely, to have been recognized ere this. The purchaser took the treasure to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, which he declared wanted it very badly, but he was determined it would find a more worthy lodging-place. However, the museum would have none of it. He will probably sell it now, says our informant, for less than \$5,000. An art association, so-called, in London is disposing of a valuable collection of original oil-paintings, guaranteed to be hand-painted, for 9s. 6d., or \$1.80 a pair. In addition to this golden opportunity the purchaser is to have the privilege of obtaining, all too cheaply, a genuine—it's all genuine, observe—prize medal improved English-made "Admiral Fitzroy" barometer; a pair of combination marine and opera-glasses; and a Stradivarius-pattern violin, with bow and case complete. It does not say that the art of playing the violin is to be enclosed, but we take that for granted. Accompanying this benevolent offer is the usual "highly delighted," "wouldn't-part-with-it-for-any-money," testimonial giving a list of names of the proud possessors of these hand-painted oil-paintings. These names, it is of course expected, will remove any lingering doubt there may be in the mind of the

J. W. L. FORSTER  
... PORTRAIT PAINTING  
Studio: 24 King Street West

R. F. GAGEN,  
Studio—90 Yonge Street.  
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING  
MINIATURE PAINTER  
has removed her studio  
882 Church Street, Toronto.

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ARTISTS' COLONY  
NEW ENTRANCE:  
133 YONGE STREET  
Call for one of our special discount sheets.

Every Day is  
Bargain Day  
AT...  
The "REX"

Every sitter gets a "snap."  
Why not be among  
the number?  
108 Yonge Street

We Make Photographs  
In all sizes and styles. We also have  
a very choice selection of  
Views of the Principal Buildings and  
Points of Interest in Toronto

PARK BROS.  
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To China Painters  
While on your vacation, you will consider  
the advisability of having a China Kitten this  
winter!

We are agents for  
The Revelation Coal Oil Kitten  
"Mail" Gas  
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Consult us as to prices and cost of firing.

The E. HARRIS CO., Limited  
44 King Street East

ARTISTS' COLORS  
WINSOR & NEWTON'S  
OIL AND WATER COLORS  
are in constant demand by the best  
artists throughout the world for su-  
perior works of art.  
For sale at all art stores and not  
expensive.

A. RAMSAY & SON  
Wholesale Agents  
for Canada.

Under the Patronage of Her Excellency  
the  
Countess of Aberdeen

The following letter was received by us on  
application of an order for a Portrait of Lord  
Aberdeen:

(Copy)  
GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
OTTAWA, June 22nd, 1898.

I. A.  
The Countess of Aberdeen has pleasure in  
stating that the High Grade Art Studio has  
very successfully carried out a portrait of the  
Earl of Aberdeen, after a photograph lent to  
them for the purpose.

Lady Aberdeen considers the picture a great  
success and offers all best wishes to the High  
Grade Art Studio.

The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO  
114 King Street West

public as to the genuineness of this offer,  
or any undue surprise at its unheeded  
magnanimity. We have had some similar  
"genuine, original, hand-painted"  
oil-paintings peddled around Toronto and  
over the province, and there has been no  
prize package attached either.

When intending purchasers learn the  
names of the artists of unquestionable  
reputation and deal with them personally,  
or with their authorized representa-  
tives, and give up paying attention to all  
kinds of itinerant vendors of so-called art,  
in the mistaken notion that what can cost  
little and is obtained in an irregular way  
must of necessity be a bargain, then these  
art quacks will have to have re-  
course to some other kind of chicanery  
to make a living. It is not always true  
that this applies to auction sales, but  
sometimes it does, and, on the whole,  
except in undoubted cases, it is better to  
avoid the auction-room. Its tendency is  
bad, lowering to art, and demoralizing to  
both artist and purchaser. All this savors  
too much of the pound package of tea  
with the glass pickle-dish prize, or the  
prize-package gum draw.

A complaint is wafted on the journal-  
istic atmosphere regarding the dirty con-  
dition of Westminster Abbey. Fancy dirt  
in Westminster, which of all places should  
be free from defilement. Dirt we expect  
in some civic buildings, and we are not  
disappointed in our expectations. In the  
place where justice is daily dispensed in  
Toronto, for instance; in our municipal  
halls and in the place where the receipts  
of public customs are taken; in our art  
galleries and even in some of our churches,  
dirt is not always absent—but we look for  
better things in Westminster. A good  
many of those who recently attended Mr.  
Gladstone's funeral were impressed with  
the poor condition of the Abbey. The  
dirt upon the monuments, on the wood-  
carving of the choir stalls, and generally  
throughout the building, must represent  
the accumulation of ages, and one would  
like to know if the veneration for ancient  
things is on the wane in London.

Etching in color promises to engage  
not a few disciples in these days, and it  
affords a very pleasing variety of perform-  
ance from the lithography so much in  
vogue. Some recent developments in this  
art would seem to disprove the truth—or  
fiction—we have been accustomed to re-  
peat so glibly, that "there is nothing new  
under the sun." Mortimer Menpes has  
brought this art a step further than any  
perhaps, of his contemporaries. He has  
studied it most assiduously and hope-  
fully, and not in vain, as his recent exhibi-  
tions of prints in London showed. What Mr.  
Menpes shows are "distinctly etchings  
in every sense of the term, but they are  
also altogether admirable as statements  
of splendid and elaborate color." There is  
a place, surely, between the lithograph  
and the painting. Two young Parisian  
artists, MM. Eugene Delatre and Francis  
Jourdain, have also given (in Paris) re-  
cently exhibitions of the same kind of art.

Henner comes out of the Salon, Grand  
Commander of the Legion of Honor. He  
is the painter most often to be found in  
the Louvre—not copying, but filling his  
eye with ancient masters. Correggio is  
the one he hugs the closest. He hugged  
Holbein when he was a young painter in  
Alsace. The Woman of Holbein in the  
Basle Museum filled his eye for years.  
One sees this in his famous picture, *Elle*.  
Attend, of an Alsatian woman in the  
prime, wearing the costume of her pro-  
vince. He was then a hundred thousand  
miles away from the Italian *moribonda*  
that for years has entered into all his  
paintings. Henner can do a very corpse  
picture without shocking one. He plays  
with all the hues and tinges of a body that  
has been dead three or four days. The  
red hair he affects saves his portrait or  
subject from inspiring disgust. Ladies  
who sit to him for their portraits dye  
their hair to meet his taste.

An interesting fact, and one not  
unworthy of being noted, is that in this  
year's Royal Academy one of the promi-  
nent paintings is a portrait of Lord Mayor  
Phillips painted by Solomon J. Solomon.  
It depicts the Lord Mayor in his place of  
honor in the recent Jubilee procession.  
When we remember that both of these  
gentlemen are Jews, one cannot but be  
struck with the altered position of the Jew  
in the British world. The British nation  
has in the past been a willing instrument  
in the hands of Providence for the fulfill-  
ing of the prophecy that the Jew should  
be, as a nation, "scattered and peeled"—  
particularly peeled. Some of its earlier  
kings found it necessary to replenish  
the public exchequer frequently by such  
"peeling." Any fact which indicates that  
the Jew is getting a fair chance with the  
rest of humanity must ever be of pleasant  
interest to all who value our Christian in-  
stitutions and who recognize our great  
indebtedness to the Jews. Truly the fall  
of them has been "the riches of the world,  
and the diminishing of them the riches of  
the Gentiles." JEAN GRANT.

Want to Keep Your Neuralgia?  
Of course you don't; so you should take  
Scott's Emulsion. It is a fact this remedy  
cures it; and it cures nervousness, nerve  
debility and insomnia also.



"Well, Joshua Brown has had his wish at last, and here's his name in print."  
"What's he done?" "Died."—Chicago Record.



A PANEL.

### A Queer Compliment.

THE Duke of Wellington was asked  
whether he considered personal  
beauty in a man of much use to  
him. He then related the following  
story: "After the army had passed from  
Spain into France, and occupied the low  
plains of the northern Pyrenees, the Duke  
directed Lord Hill to take up a position  
at a short distance from the main body,  
across one of the many streams in that  
locality. The water was very low, and easily  
fordable at the time, but during the night a  
very heavy rain came on. Nothing was heard  
of Lord Hill during the whole day; his position  
had not evidently been discovered by the  
French. On the following morning the Duke  
became anxious; he determined to pass  
over himself to ascertain the state of  
affairs. A small boat was procured, the  
Duke got into it, and remained standing.  
The stream was very narrow, but deep.  
The boat touched the opposite bank close  
to where an Irish sentry was posted; the  
man challenged the party, who could not  
give the countersign, on which Pat  
levelled his musket to fire at them; look-  
ing along the barrel he recognized the  
commander-in-chief just as his Grace  
stepped on shore. He immediately brought  
his musket to the salute, and with the  
greatest good humor called out: 'God  
bless your craegid (crooked) nose! I'd  
sooner see it than ten thousand min.'  
The Duke used to finish his story by add-  
ing: 'I protest that that is the greatest  
personal compliment ever paid me in the  
whole course of my life.'"

### Why He Quit.

A Swede, who was one of a gang of men  
employed in a large planing mill in a  
North-Western town, (says a writer in  
*Short Stories*), went one day to the  
manager of the mill and remarked that  
he thought Johnson, the foreman, had  
quit.

"What!" said the manager, "Johnson  
quit? Why, man, he has been in our  
employ for twenty years."

"Well, I tank he quit," said the Swede.  
"He has never complained," said the  
manager, "and besides, he was the best  
paid man in the mill. Why should he  
quit? Has he a better job?"

"I tank he quit," repeated the Swede  
doggedly. Then, motioning to the manager  
to follow him, he led the way to a place in  
the boom from which the logs had been  
removed. The water was clear and deep,  
and on the bottom of the river lay the  
body of Johnson, the foreman.

"There," said the Swede triumphantly,  
pointing to the drowned form. "You  
tank Johnson he quit?"

Cumso—Fosdick has moved from the  
third floor of his apartment-house to the  
fourth to show his admiration for Kipling.  
Cawker—How does that show his admi-  
ration for Kipling? Cumso—Why, that's  
another story.—Judge.

Brown—Old Stockman has given me a  
tip on the market. What would you ad-  
vise me to do? Robinson—If you're going  
in heavy, put your real estate in your  
wife's name.

### Pierre's Woman.

Ernest H. Stephens in "Pick-Me-Up."

ONE evening, in a smart little *cafe* in  
the Champs Elysees, two men sat  
sipping their absinthe and smok-  
ing. One was an Italian, whose  
scrupulous care in the matter of dress  
was in striking contrast to that of his  
companion, a Frenchman, who had the  
appearance of being a dweller in the Latin  
Quarter. The air which floated in through  
the open windows was warm and balmy,  
and conducive to meditation and dreams,  
and for some minutes both sat and smoked  
in silence. Then the Frenchman, who  
was the younger of the two, leant forward  
and touched his friend on the arm.

"I have a proposition—a problem—to  
set you, Matteo." The person addressed  
held up his hands deprecatingly.

"No confessions, I beg of you, Pierre,  
my absinthe is scarcely touched, and your  
confessions, my dear friend, are most dis-  
tressing to one of my temperament."

"It is nothing," said Pierre. "I just  
want your advice. Supposing you were  
in love with a woman—"

"Impossible, my dear Pierre; the sup-  
position you are starting with is impos-  
sible. However, we'll let that pass."

"Well, supposing this woman you loved  
went the way of other women, and con-  
fessed to you that, although she loved you,  
she intended becoming the wife of a  
wrinkled, decrepit old wretch, whose  
banking account and title alone raise him  
to the dignity of a man—a being from  
whom she shrinks every time he lifts her  
in his arms and kisses her. What would  
you do, Matteo?"

"It depends, Pierre, how much you  
love. The woman will probably not  
change her mind. Women are so horribly  
immoral. Perhaps they do not think it is  
immoral to marry a man old enough to be  
their father or grandfather. But you do,  
Pierre, and at the bottom of my heart I  
do. Can you wait a year—perhaps two  
years? Then she may be free again to  
marry you."

"No," said Pierre, "I can't."  
"The deuce!" exclaimed Matteo. "Then  
it's awkward."

"You're right, Matteo. That's the  
point. I've reasoned it out. It's awk-  
ward, very awkward."

Matteo rested his chin in his hands and  
looked into the other man's eyes.

"I might be better able to suggest if  
you told me the woman's name," he said.

"Yes, perhaps you might," Pierre an-  
swered thoughtfully. "I'll be frank with  
you. The woman is your sister, Matteo,  
and I love her."

During the pause which followed, an  
ugly gleam came into the Italian's eyes.

"You love my sister!" he said slowly,  
emphasizing each word. "You, a French-  
man! an unknown painter! a Bohemian!  
*Mon Dieu!* that is very odd. It makes  
me laugh. But my sister is not for you,  
you fool! See! I laugh at you. I snap  
my fingers in your face. See, I kick you."

And after lunging savagely with his  
foot beneath the table, he leant back in his  
chair and laughed mockingly.

The Frenchman's face became very pale,  
but otherwise he was unmoved.

His very immobility increased the Italian's  
rage, and lifting his glass of absinthe  
he tossed the contents across the table  
full in Pierre's face.

The Frenchman rose, and stepping  
across to where his assailant was seated,  
with the back of his hand struck him a  
heavy blow in the mouth.

In a moment the Italian was on his feet,  
and as the two men closed a bright weapon  
flashed in the Southerner's hand. But  
Pierre was too quick, and grasped his  
treacherous opponent's wrist tightly.

Then, exerting all his strength, he flung  
him into the corner of the room, where,  
with a little groan, he fell heavily on the  
stiletto, which went deep into his side.

Immediately a crimson stain spread over  
the floor, and Pierre stepped back aghast.

For a minute all was still.  
"Pierre!" Matteo gasped. "I have  
something to say to you."

Pierre approached. It was evident the  
Italian was dying.

"Come nearer," said the dying man  
faintly.

Pierre bent over him.

"Nearer still," he murmured. "Tis  
hard—to talk."

Pierre knelt down.

"What is it?" he asked.

"This," said Matteo, as with a last  
effort he drew Pierre down on him, and  
withdrawing the stiletto from his side,  
plunged it twice rapidly into his opponent's  
back.

"She is not for you."

A cruel smile of triumphant mockery  
crossed the Italian's face.

Then both men fell back dead.

And a month later one of the loveliest  
women in Paris—a woman with cheeks  
like sun-kissed peaches—was led to the  
altar by a tottering old man, with features  
distorted by vice and dissipation, and  
with nine toes in the grave. It was  
Pierre's woman.

Maltine with Coca Wine Feeds the  
Nerves.

Are you all run down? Are you tired  
in body? weary in mind? Does lassitude  
burden and unfit you for mental or physi-  
cal labor? Does sleeplessness rob you of  
mental force? make your days a weariness  
and night a torment? In brief, is life  
rapidly becoming a burden to you? Thou-  
sands are living in this miserable con-  
dition while relief from this worst of men-  
tal and physical conditions may be  
speedily obtained by the use of Maltine  
with Coca Wine. It is a real tonic, for it  
builds up the body, gives strength and  
vigor to the nerves, supplies pure rich  
blood, restores appetite, and adds wonder-  
fully to the digestive power of the sto-  
mach. Maltine with Coca Wine renews  
every fibre of the body, gives mental ac-  
tivity. Maltine with Coca Wine is a  
builder—builds nerve, builds muscle,  
builds bone. It gives vim and nerve. It  
braces, not as a stimulating agent; it  
braces because it cures. That is what you  
need. All druggists sell it.

Wife—Do you think there is a man  
that could conscientiously say to his wife,  
"You are the only woman I ever loved?"  
Hubby—Only one that I can think of.  
Wife—What? You, dearest? Hubby—  
Oh, no; Adam.—Boston Traveler.

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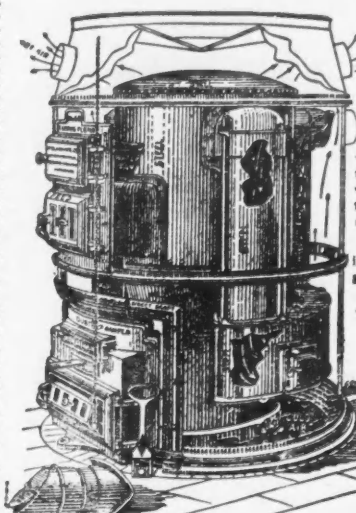
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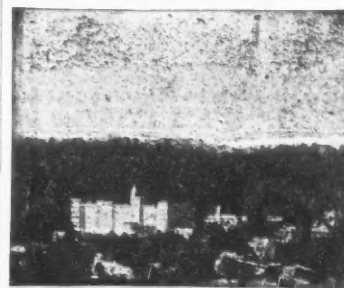
BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

Our Pet Aversion.

London Globe.

There is something in the relations of  
antipathy which makes for politeness in  
the antipathetic. Friendship is satisfied  
with a curt, "Morning, old fellow," by  
way of salutation; it is not inconsistent  
with the abrupt bluntness of the candid  
friend. With our open and avowed enemy  
we handy in faction, over-running him  
with policy. But to our human pet aver-  
sion we are moved to be polite with that  
studied politeness of personal advertise-  
ment, which seeks to proclaim to all whom  
it may concern that Short, and not Codlin,  
is really the superior animal. It might  
almost be said that the mark of a perfect  
gentleman is to be found in the polished  
and refined courtesy and politeness with  
which he endears himself to his pet aver-  
sion. Obviously, while this is very good  
for us, it is also very instructive. Watch  
carefully for the man of your acquaintance  
who, while never courting and apparently  
shunning your society, always treats you  
with a politeness which is free from irony  
and a courtesy which appears innocent of  
contempt. Note that man when you find  
him. You are neither his friend nor his  
enemy. You are most unquestionably his  
Pet Aversion.

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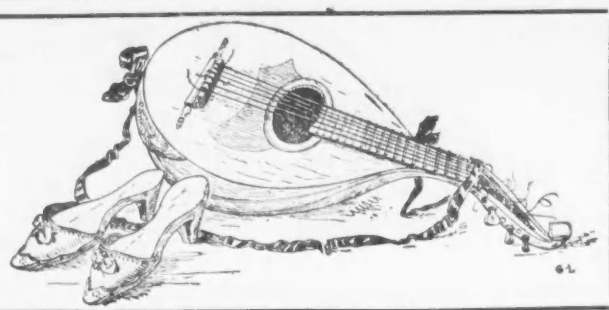
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## MUSIC



The following rules for a mixed choir, written by Mr. Frank Merry for an English contemporary, should be pasted up in every local choir gallery:

This choir meets one evening a week for the following purposes:  
To discuss politics, scandal, or church affairs. To arrange social excursions, etc., and to flirt. N.B.—If there is any time not occupied in the foregoing manner, and the members feel so inclined, it might be desirable to have a little singing. The practice shall commence at half past seven, or at such later time when a sufficient number of members shall be gathered together. Members are usually thought more of if they arrive late.

There is a small subscription payable; but should any member feel that the existence of the choir depends largely upon himself or herself, and that they should rather be paid than have to pay, no legal proceedings will be taken against that member in order to recover subscription dues.

The membership of the choir is open to all ladies and gentlemen possessing good voices and being able to read simple music at sight. What exactly constitutes a good voice is undiscoverable, but it may be safely left to the judgment or opinion of intending members themselves. The question of reading at sight shall also be decided by intending members. They know best what they can do. They ought surely to be able to read simple music at sight if it is only simple enough. If there is any music that they cannot read, it is just because it is not simple enough!

Since the conductor's idea is to make the choir as large as possible, should any applicant lack one (or both) of these qualifications, their admission to the choir will not be refused upon that account. The choir shall consist of sopranos, altos, tenors and basses. All those ladies who cannot read music shall sing soprano; while those who can read music shall sing alto. Should any lady with a very high voice object to singing alto, she is recommended to consult a voice specialist, who is almost certain to pronounce her a deep contralto with a faulty method of production. The tenors shall consist of as many fair gentlemen who do not mind straining their voices. All the gentlemen left over are requested to sing bass.

Copies of the music in rehearsal may be had in either the soft or staff notation. Those who understand neither should be very particular to get copies in the staff. Why they should do so is not known; but this is usually made a great point of. No notice should be taken of the conductor. Do not trouble to look at his head—he should tap. What your next-door neighbor is saying is sure to be of greater interest to you. The conductor is always delighted when a cue is taken up too soon; it shows the choir to be in earnest. On the other hand, if a cue is taken up too late, well—better late than never!

The conductor is always pleased to receive advice from individual members, and to pass them around during the singing. The conductor never minds half the choir leaving off—if he knows that they are sucking acid drops or brandy balls.

Any member who feels insulted, is entitled to resign. N.B.—It is pretty safe, as the offending parties, including the conductor and secretary, are sure to apologize and beg of the member to return.

If the choir is a voluntary one, and feels that its services are not properly appreciated, it should go on strike. If the choir is a paid one, it should not go on strike, but should endeavor to obtain satisfaction in some other way.

The members are at liberty to sing tenor if they feel that their extensive compass is not duly recognized. He must be a poor worm of a bass who could not sing tenor "if he liked."

The members of the choir should not make grins or unduly exert their countenances during the performance of part songs, etc. This is a privilege reserved exclusively for soloists.

APPENDIX FOR CONDUCTORS.

(Not to be pasted up with the choir notice, but to be pasted up in a private place only accessible to the conductor.)

It is usual for the conductor to sing falsetto, mimic the choir, be sarcastic, or lose his temper whenever he has the opportunity.

There is generally some sort of rivalry between the tenors and basses. It is therefore very useful to play off the one against the other.

The attendance of the gentlemen is much enhanced by the introduction of some really attractive lady sopranos. The attendance of the ladies, however, is best guaranteed by the presence of some pretty boy sopranos.

In making his toilet for a concert, the conductor should remember that, while it is necessary for members of the choir to have clean faces and hair, it is of more importance that he himself should devote a little time to the curling of his hair, and making sure that neither his collar nor his tie will be able to induce themselves in their unflattering tendency to stick up behind!

English newspapers have of late been devoting considerable space to the discussion of the Findlater matter. The editor of a leading English music journal, who will doubtless be charged by Scotch writers as being envious of the heroic charge of the Highlanders at Dargat and of the attention which has been attracted to the bagpipe as a musical instrument, writes in the following strain concerning Bagpiper Findlater's side-show exploits since his return to Great Britain: "If it is right for a Victoria cross man to exhibit himself as a spectacle to be gazed at by the music hall crowd, it seems to be of precious little moment in what guise he presents himself as 'the hero of Dargat.' At any rate, my views on this score could not have been so very peculiar, since influence was exerted in a high quarter, and, in deference to a request from the Commander-in-Chief, the objectionable engagement was cancelled by the Alhambra authorities. What next took place at Aberdeen, and the engagement at a hundred pounds a week, is now purely historical; but however much has been written and said about this astounding de-

parture, there is still room for a word or two more. . . . Suppose that Piper Findlater had not been an army man, and had applied at the Alhambra for an engagement as bagpipe soloist, would he have got one on any terms? Certainly not; there is no market for such commodities on the music-hall stage—at least, not in this benighted land. The engagement under the circumstances resolves itself into a mere exhibition of the individual as a recipient of a great honor. The coveted cross is utilized as a means for making money pure and simple. That any true Briton should not feel this use of the cross to be a degradation and to quote the words of the Commander-in-Chief—"at variance with the best traditions of the army," seems to me quite incredible; but, unfortunately, this is not the case, as numerous effusions in the papers show. Now, let us suppose that an English soldier chanced to be the best cornet player in the British army, and that, being wounded in a fight and having his cornet handy, he elected to emulate the Scottish hero and performed the British Grenadiers or other martial air. Furthermore, that he duly received the V.C.,—although he would be as likely to get it as to be presented with the crown jewels; but that by the way. Leaving the army, he accepts engagements, and makes a good income as a solo cornet. Would the War Office or the Commander-in-Chief, or anybody else, have a word of objection to offer? The question is an absurd one. Why should they? He would have procured those engagements without the Victoria cross; and why should the possessor of one be hindered in gaining his livelihood? Cornet players are in demand; and the V.C. is, as it were, an accident in the contract, just as a man's height or good looks may be. With respect to the demand that every V.C. man should have a satisfactory income from the state for the rest of his days, thereby making the honor a mere matter of filthy lucre, such a regulation would justly expose us to the ridicule of military Europe. If a soldier is offered the Victoria cross, and is dissatisfied with it because he cannot thereby live in idleness all the rest of his days, the remedy is easy: he could decline it.

In an able article on the songs of Rubinstein, contributed by Mr. Rutland Boughton to the *Musical Opinion*, the writer says:—"Rubinstein was an ideal song writer. Taking Schubert as his model, he composed some of the most exquisite lyrics that are to be found in the realm of music. He, like Schubert, polished but little; but really his productions in this form do not seem to have required it as do his greater compositions. An abundance of beautiful melody, a wonderful novelty of rhythm, an original and characteristic pianoforte part; these are the great features of Rubinstein's songs. But what strikes one most is the unprecedented manner in which he combines the voice with the piano. One looks with very little result for an accompaniment in the accepted sense of the word. Schubert wrote very beautiful and effective accompaniments; but, still, they are accompaniments after all. Schubert wrote a more individual part for the piano; but there always seems a curious gap, an unexplainable void, between the voice and instrument in the majority of his songs, and a great tendency to overload. Mendelssohn and considerably in advance of him Franz come nearest to combining the two parts into a perfect whole; but I really think it may be said that Rubinstein actually accomplished this. How admirable a proof of this are the *Dreams*, *Longings*, and that remarkable song, *The Mariner*! What a splendid tone picture of despair and hope this last named is! How wonderfully the idea of a storm-tossed vessel is accentuated in the piano part, with its continual *crescendos* and *diminuendos*!

Wave on wave the tempest urges. Why, you can feel it without the medium of the words. And that very pathetic and trembling octave in the highest part of the piano indicative of the star of hope, until the 'glorious clouds' gradually overshadow the heavens and the guiding star is lost! This song is undoubtedly one of the finest of Rubinstein's early inspirations.

A piano recital by Mr. Napier Durand, a T.C.M., attracted a very large audience to the music hall of the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening last. The recital, which was given in connection with the mid-summer normal session of the Conservatory, served to illustrate to the public, but more especially to the large number of students attending the summer school, the admirable results of the methods employed in the piano department of the institution. Mr. Durand, who played with his usual technical skill and musical intelligence, rendered the following solo numbers:

Mendelssohn's *Caprice A minor*  
Chopin's *Etude Automatique*  
Chopin's *Etude* (Black Key)  
Henselt's *Etude* (Black Key)  
Liszt's *Etude* (Black Key)  
Liszt's *Etude* (Black Key)  
Liszt's *Etude* (Black Key)

Grieg's sonata, op. 8, for piano and violin, in which Mr. Durand was ably assisted by Mr. Heinrich Klingenberg, was also rendered and proved a feature of the recital, the *ensemble* being excellent throughout. The programme was further varied through vocal numbers contributed respectively by Miss Ethel Shepherd, A. T. C. M., and Mrs. H. W. Parker, A. T. C. M.

The artistic manner in which the songs chosen by these talented vocalists were rendered and the thoroughly musicianly accompaniments with which they were supported by their gifted instructor, Signor Agramonte, afforded rare pleasure to the audience. Miss Shepherd sang Massenet's *He Is Kind, He Is Good*, Mrs. Parker's songs being Grieg's *The Time of Roses*, and Chaminade's *My Heart Sings*, a group of selections in marked contrast, by the way, to the characterless ballads and ditties constituting the repertoire of so many local vocalists.

"How many of us," says a contemporary, "have looked with pleasure on that well known painting in the South Kensington Museum representing with such faithfulness the village choir of half a century ago! It has even passed through the minds of some of us that a revival of this old-time mode of conducting the musical services of our churches would be a desirable thing. It would not be so dignified, perhaps, as our present mode, which practically recognizes as expedient only the voice of the organ; but it would probably lead to a more hearty style of congregational song, and it would certainly be picturesque. The music of the churches has indeed changed since those old days of the viol and the bassoon and the Tate and Brady psalms. The old 'repeat' tunes which the people sang with such vigor have given place to a class of hymn tunes as different from their predecessors as could well be imagined. The parish clerk reading out the psalm line by line has become as extinct as the pulpit sandglass; and the pleasing variety of instruments which used to be found accompanying the service is to be met with no more. I am not of those who think that the old things were necessarily the best; but I am certain that, with all the artistic advancement in the services of the English church, the music has gained nothing in heartiness and enthusiasm. It is more refined of course; but that is the most that can be said for it."

In connection with the Leeds Festival (October next), the serial tickets have all been sold. Seats for the ground floor only can be obtained, and plans can be seen at the festival offices. Second seats cannot be purchased until September. Last month a special meeting of the executive committee of this festival was held. Mr. Thomas Marshall presiding. The chairman reported that he and the honorary secretary had had an interview with Sir Arthur Sullivan in London respecting his promised new cantata. Sir Arthur stated that he had been strongly advised by his medical attendant to give up all work for two months and go abroad. The state of his health was such that this became an absolute necessity. Sir Arthur therefore felt compelled to abandon the cantata, and the committee accepted the withdrawal of the work with much regret. It was then decided to ask Mr. Frederic Cowen to complete for the festival a short cantata which he had begun and which was offered by him to the committee a few weeks ago. The sale of serial tickets has considerably exceeded that of three years ago.

At the Dominion Day (July 1st, 1898) celebration in London, Eng., a reception was given by Lord and Lady Strathcona at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, S. W., at which a large and representative assembly were present. Apart from the band of the Royal Engineers there were a number of Canadians who together gave a delightful programme of vocal and instrumental music. Foremost amongst them was Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well known pianist of this city, who is returning to Toronto from his two years' course in Vienna, where he has been studying with the famous teacher, Leschetizky. Mr. Tripp's numbers being *Liebestraum No. 3* (Liszt), and *Intermezzo in Octaves* (Leschetizky). Among the other who took part were: Mr. Ernest Sharpe, basso, formerly of Ottawa; also Mr. Wharton Wells, Miss Alexandra Ramsay of Toronto, Miss Minnie Hope Morgan of Toronto, Miss Jenny McGarry and Miss Mary Jardine-Thomson of Toronto.

Appropos of the agitation in favor of state-endowed opera which is at present interesting the English musical public, the following from the *Musical Times* is reproduced:—"Who would have thought, twenty years ago, that music would be subsidized by what is practically the municipal authority of London? Yet such a seeming impossibility has become a possibility, as the daily open-air performances by excellent bands during the summer months in London abundantly testify—these bands, or bandmen, it is hardly necessary to add, being paid entirely by the London County Council. Who, now, amongst the most flint-hearted of ratepayers in London would seriously object to the £20,000 annually spent for this purpose by 'the powers that be' at Spring Gardens? And what aspirant for a County Councilorship would dream of making 'no bands' a feature of his candidature? As a matter of fact, the principle of the thing is not only admitted, but it is firmly established. If brass bands, why not opera?"

The *Musical Opinion* makes the following references to the superficial work which characterizes the efforts of so many music pupils at the present time:—"There is no royal road to learning, and one must often endure drudgery of the most trying kind. Those who gain great excellence are they who pay a great deal of attention to details. There is nothing that retards the progress of the musical student more than bad practice; it is the bane of many instrumental players to-day. Some violinists want to play pizzicato and harmonics; many piano-players want some noisy, showy piece; singers often wish to sing the most difficult operatic selection; and every cornet-player aims at a high C. And thus sensationalism and show are desired. But remember that it is well to study all forms of music. One might be able to play a difficult solo or sonata, but could not play a waltz so that it could be

danced. Ordinary people care little about the difficulty of a piece; it is only experts who can judge of technical difficulties."

Mr. Frederic Archer, the eminent Pittsburgh organist, writes as follows to the editor of the *London Eng. Musical Times*, in reply to a playful reference to Mr. Archer's wandering proclivities which appeared in that journal some time ago:—"I saw in a recent issue of the *Musical Times* a note to the effect that I am about to leave this 'smoky city.' The report probably came from some Spanish source, as it is utterly devoid of truth. I have ceased to wander; I came here with the fixed intention of remaining; my work is entirely congenial, and the position in all respects most desirable. If, therefore, you will kindly correct the statement, I shall feel greatly obliged." The editor of the *Musical Times* makes a graceful correction, and congratulates Mr. Archer upon his fortunate circumstances, and Pittsburgh upon having in its midst such a musical force.

What are the "three classes of the secrets of the art" of singing? The question is prompted by an advertisement in an English suburban newspaper which reads thus:

REPEATED SUCCESS.—A Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music imparts to those who wish really to sing, three classes of the secrets of the art. Apply, etc.

A contemporary in referring to this seductive advertisement aptly says:—"Without casting any reflection upon the gentleman (or lady) who possesses these three (or three and a half) secrets of the art, it is abundantly evident that there must be a great many professors of singing who are not voice trainers, but voice strainers."

There are at present two excellent organ positions vacant, one in a prosperous town of about three thousand inhabitants in the western part of the province, the other in a thriving place of nine thousand inhabitants in the eastern part of the province. From letters which have been received at this office regarding these appointments, I gather that a good field for teaching would be found in either of these towns. Particulars will be given to intending applicants who may apply to this office for further information.

In reply to "Organist" I would recommend Guilmant's first Sonata in D minor as being, in my opinion, the most interesting of his organ sonatas. The real inspiration and spontaneous flow of melody, the marked originality and wonderfully effective character of this fine work throughout, render it one of the most brilliant compositions in the whole repertoire of organ music.

Miss Ettie Leonard of Schomberg, a talented pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley of the Conservatory of Music staff, sang with marked success at a concert recently given in Lloydtown. Local papers praise in high terms the fine quality of Miss Leonard's voice and the artistic manner in which her songs were rendered. She was very enthusiastically received.

Mr. R. J. Gourlay, of the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, left for Europe on Friday last week. It is Mr. Gourlay's intention to visit England, France, Switzerland and Germany during his absence. He will return about September 1.

Miss Edith Scott, who has been for some time solo soprano at Queen's Street Methodist church, left on Thursday for Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, where she has excellent professional prospects. Her successor is Miss May Morris. MODERATO.

Will you share the honor.

Patient—No, doctor, there isn't any particular pain, but somehow I feel as if I were going to die.

Doctor (who has been called out of bed at two o'clock in the morning)—Let me feel your pulse. (After a moment) Have you a pulse yet?

Patient (alarmed)—No, but—

Doctor—Who is your lawyer?

Patient—Squire Studds. Why, doctor, do you think—

Doctor—Then you had better send for him. Who is your minister?

Patient (still more alarmed)—Rev. Mr. Sainly. Am I—

Doctor—I think he had better be sent for.

Patient (badly frightened)—Oh, Doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?

Doctor—No, I don't. There's nothing at all the matter with you, but I hate to be the only man who has been made a fool of to-night.

His Only Offence.

Every one, it is alleged, has written verses. But for modest output Mr. Anthony Hope is an example so illustrious that he should be set upon a golden pedestal. This is his only poem:

Life is Love, the poets tell us;  
In the little books they sell us;  
But pray, Ma'am, what's of Life the use  
If Life be Love? For Love's the Deuce.  
It has two merits: brevity and quality.  
Although a first and last attempt, it is really good.

"What kind of a dog of war is the Vesuvius?" "Spitz."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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take part.  
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our genial h  
and patron  
names and  
week.

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last week I  
has been visi  
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## Social and Personal.

Rev. John Cayley of St. George's church left on Friday for a holiday at Stony Lake.

General-Gascoigne's successor has been appointed in the person of Colonel E. T. H. Hutton, C.B., a handsome and soldierly man, who will, it is expected, be much more *persona grata* in certain quarters than his predecessor.

Sir Casimir Gzowski's health has not been good this summer and causes much anxiety to his relatives. Lady Gzowski is ever the most devoted of nurses. The Hall, lovely in its encircling greenery, is a quiet and beautiful place in which to be an invalid.

The Yacht Club Dance last Monday continued the deserved success of these very popular reunions. The capacity of the Hiawatha is taxed smartly to convey the guests, who, however, are very much amazed at the number the saucy craft carries. Should Monday be reasonably tempered to the shorn lambs who frisk in waltz and two-step, a very large number are arranging to attend.

The following are registered at the Robinson House, Big Bay Point: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Band, Miss Maud Band, Masters S. Band and Percy Band, Miss S. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Baird, Master Hugh Baird, Miss E. Alley, Miss Myrtle Alley, Miss Gladys Alley, Mrs. R. A. E. Land of Toronto, Miss Bethwick, Miss Turnbull of Guelph, Miss Maggie Henderson of Paris, Mr. Norman McPherson of Buffalo.

Mr. Willie Wade of Rat Portage was home on a visit to his parents at Hanlan's Point last week.

Mrs. Fred. W. Rose and little daughter, Mildred, are spending the summer months at Simcoe Lodge, Atherley.

Mrs. J. H. Minnis will receive at her home, 68 Borden street, Tuesday of next week, and afterwards first and third Tuesdays.

Mr. E. R. Dewart of the Bank of Commerce has been spending his vacation among the Thousand Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Magowan are en pension at Hanlan's Point. Mrs. Billings of Parkdale is away on a visit to Mr. Billings' family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones and their family are at their summer residence at Jackson's Point for the season.

Mrs. George Waller of Dowling avenue gave a charming little "summer evening's informal" on Thursday of this week. The guests were numerous, and the arrangements made for the enjoyment of those who participated in dancing were as admirable as they were appreciated.

Miss Helliwell of St. Catharines, a graceful dancer, is the guest of Mrs. Muir at Hanlan's Point, and was a popular lady at the I.A.A.A. dance on Friday.

Miss Anderson of Arthur, who was visiting Mrs. Hughes of Monreith, returned home a few days since.

Miss Olive Logan, a petite brunette, is one of the pretty girls who adorn the Island dances.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom MacIntyre of Huron street, Miss Pierson and Miss Blackman of New Orleans will leave to day for Port Sandfield, where they will remain for some weeks.

Miss Evelyn Dickson, who has been visiting Mrs. Monro Grier of Prince Arthur avenue, returned to Niagara-on-the-Lake on Thursday.

Mr. John A. Schulkins of Chicago, an old Toronto boy, after twenty years' absence is in our midst, the guest of Mr. Frank F. Roper of the G.T.R.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne left on Thursday to summer abroad.

Mrs. Maclean Howard will spend the next few weeks at Center Island, which is looking its best at present.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Keens of Huron street have returned from London and the Continent, having spent a pleasant two months with relatives and friends.

Miss Florence Anderson, daughter of Registrar Anderson of Arthur, has been enjoying the attractions at Hanlan's Point, the guest of Mrs. Patrick Hughes at Monreith Cottage.

Mrs. (Dr.) Pepler is a guest at Roscrea, the residence of Registrar Anderson of Arthur.

Invitations for the annual At Home for the Chautauqua Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are out for the 30th inst. A splendid programme has been arranged, and some of Toronto's leading talent, including Detla Zeigler, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Harold Crane, Mr. Harry Bennett and others, will take part. Dancing will be indulged in, and a jolly good time is expected. Refreshments will be served at intervals by our genial host, Mr. Tasker. All friends and patrons are cordially invited. Other names and particulars will appear next week.

Miss Josephine H. Stegmann returned last week from Philadelphia, where she has been visiting for several months past with her aunt, Mrs. C. H. Schooley. Miss Irene Schooley returned with her. Miss Stegmann also spent some time in New York, Atlantic City and Washington.

These guests are registered at Milford Bay House, Muskoka: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell and family, of Hamilton; Miss Orpha Terrybury, Miss M. Cook, Mr. T. B. Weylie, Miss Nellie Weylie, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Harrison and family, Miss A. L. Armstrong, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. R. Robb and family, Mrs. John Rogerson and family, of Barrie; Miss C. Lausen of Milton; Mrs.

Jarvis, Miss M. Jarvis, Master Arthur Jarvis of Chatham; Mrs. J. Weylie of Streetsville, Mr. T. Laurie of London, Miss J. Jones of Cleveland, Ohio.

At Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are registered: Mr. Frank Reed and family, Miss Minnie Neis, Miss Martha Grennhut, Mr. Jack Tracy, Mr. Charlie Neis, Mrs. McLean and son, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. McLaren of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Robert McClain and daughter, Mrs. and the Misses Hunter, Mrs. Johnston and daughter, Mr. and Miss Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lang, of Toronto; Mrs. Walsh and son, of Detroit; Dr. Burns of Hamilton; Mrs. Medland and family, Miss McCullough, Mrs. Burton and son, of Toronto; Mrs. Fred Leach and family, of St. Catharines; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crane of Toronto; Mrs. Chilton Kelly and family, Mrs. A. M. Cartledge, Mrs. Bessie Satterwhite, Mrs. Carsey and son, Miss Herman, of Louisville, Ky.; Miss Madge Lyons of Philadelphia; Mrs. Crompin, Mr. and Mrs. Knight of Detroit; Mrs. Traver and family, of Berlin; Mrs. Fox and family, of Havelock; Mr. Harry M. Bennett, Mrs. J. Thompson and son, Mrs. A. M. Brown and son, Mrs. McLean, Miss McCarroll, of Toronto.

Mrs. P. A. Keeler, 30 Close avenue, will be at home to her friends on the afternoons and evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, July 27 and 28, after which she will be at home first and third Thursdays of each month.

Miss Burns of Hamilton has been visiting friends on College street this week.

Mrs. C. J. R. Sterling of Parkdale is visiting Mrs. Carling in London.

Miss Holland, who is at present on a visit to her brother, Mr. W. H. Holland of Dunn avenue, leaves shortly to visit Montreal and the White Mountains.

Mrs. Grant of Hamilton and her daughter, Violet, are enjoying a holiday at one of the cottages at Hanlan's Point, and Miss Florence Bell of Hamilton has returned home after a visit to the same place.

A. J. Isbester of University residence is spending his vacation at Banff, N.W.T.

Mr. J. L. Counsel is spending his holidays at Hamilton Beach.

Mr. "Jock" Inkster, president of the College Rugby League, is still in town, but will likely leave for Madoc next month.

Mr. Arthur H. Campbell of New York, the popular ex-Toronto "Varsity" captain, is expected in town next week on vacation, and will spend his holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, at Lorne Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and family, of Blecker street, are at Jackson's Point for the summer.

Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower and Miss Macklem have spent some days this week with Mrs. Harry Becher in London. I believe they are expected home this afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Fleming of Streatham House has been on a visit to Mrs. Vincent Porter at her beautiful home in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Miss Sasha Young of Niagara Falls is visiting friends in town. Mrs. Young is now residing at her place in Niagara Falls, N. Y., where several Toronto friends have enjoyed her hospitality this summer.

Spawker—Your wife seems very fond of commanding you to do this, that, and the other. Satupon (-adly)—Yes, it's her ruling passion.—*Fun.*

Commissioner (to Civil Service applicants for places in the Custom House)—When was the diamond duty most burdensome? Bright Candidate—Just before my marriage, sir.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

"I saw a sign-painter barely save himself," said the student boarder, "by catching as he fell the sign he had finished. He was suspended twenty feet from the sidewalk." "He is not the first man," said Asbury Peppers, "who hung breathless on his own words when no one else did."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A lovely girl was caught by her aunt while indulging in a surreptitious cigarette. "My dear," said the horrified aunt, "do you know that every time you smoke one of those beastly things you drive a nail in your coffin?" "No, auntie, dear," said the lovely girl, "you are wrong; a woman can't drive a nail."—*What to Eat.*

Parson Belcher—It has bin suggested, Brudder Warts, dat Brudder Brown relieve yo' ob de duties ob passin' de plate. Brother Warts—I hopes dey ain't no suspicions ob mah honesty. Parson Belcher—No, bruddah; but as yo' am a shoemaker by trade, an' hab mo' or less shoemaker's wax on yo' fingahs, de vestry ob dis chu'ch am affeerd dat mo' or less nickels mought stick to 'em by accident—dat's why, sah. Judge.

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### Anecdote of Commodore Schley.

HOW Commodore Schley got his first command is an amusing episode in his early career. After leaving the Niagara he was promptly promoted to a lieutenant, and assigned as executive officer of one of the ninety day gunboats, the Owassa of the Gulf Squadron. Her commanding officer—his name is of no consequence, and he is dead now—was a devotee of John Barleycorn, and periodically had to retire to his cabin for repairs, where he usually stayed a week. The Owassa was stationed off Mobile, and was one of a small squadron of which Captain James Alden of the Richmond was senior officer.

One day a quartermaster of the Richmond reported to Captain Alden that the captain's gig of the Owassa was approaching, and the captain's pennant flying. Supposing his visitor to be the captain of the Owassa, Alden put on his uniform coat, the side boys were ordered, and the boatswain's mate made ready for his three pipes at the gangway. When the Owassa's gig came alongside the man who sprang up the ladder was Lieutenant Schley.

"I expected to see Captain—of the Owassa," said Alden, with slight sarcasm. "I am commander of the Owassa, sir," said Schley.

"Since when?" asked Alden. "An hour ago, sir," said Schley. "Where is Captain—?" "Locked up in his cabin, sir, drunk." "Who locked him in?" asked Alden. "I did. I first put him under arrest and then shut him up in his cabin. Then I took command of the ship, and here I am to report for orders."

Alden was fond of a joke, and he was at first disposed to laugh at the young man's summary action, but he said: "Well, the first order I'll give you is for you to lower that pennant in the gig, go back to your ship, sir, unlock that cabin door, and restore Captain— to duty. Then report in writing if the captain's illness still incapacitates him, and I will know what to do. Don't be in too great a hurry to get command of a ship, Mr. Schley!"

### Cheviot Lounge Suits.

For everyday purposes a Cheviot Lounge Suit is freely patronized. The coat, although generally worn open, is arranged to fasten three holes at the front, the back finished with or without a closing seam; edges single stitched and pockets placed on in usual positions. The vest is usually of same material, but on occasions a white single-breasted style makes a pleasing change. Trousers are cut in the standard form, tapering gradually from hip towards the foot. This is but one of the many expressions of good, stylish, comfortable summer clothing of which Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, is paying especial care in the designing of, and he has a splendid range of the light, dressy cloths which the making of these garments calls for.

### She Tried Kindness.

Detroit Free Press.

"I tried a new theory of mine on that last girl I had," said one Warren avenue matron to another as they gossiped over the back fence. "After having had a dozen or so in rapid succession, I made up my mind that I must lack tact, was too irritable, or did not make sufficient allowance for the annoyances encountered by every household servant. I determined to be more considerate and more diplomatic."

"Oh, pshaw! I know them. But go ahead with your experience."

"I received that last one just as pleasantly as I would have received a favored guest. I went with her to her room, showed her where to put everything, had awnings put over the windows because she thought the heat and light a little too strong, placed a couple of extra shelves in the closet, fixed a nice place for her bicycle in the summer kitchen, voluntarily offered her an extra night out each week, personally assisted her to get a run of things in the kitchen, and then praised her for everything that I could approve, without pretending to notice her mistakes or to



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miss the dishes she broke. My idea was to win her by kindness and continued assurance of appreciation. I am sure that every nature is susceptible to such treatment."

"Well, I'm not, by a good deal. But how did it come out?"

"At the end of the first month, convinced by my constant approval that she was about the best girl in the city, she demanded two dollars more per week, and the right to put her wheel in the front hall where the 'gentlemen' kept theirs, or she would leave. Of course she left. Don't they just try your soul out?"

### A Bargain.

Pick Me Up.

"Do you wish me to give up smoking, dearest?"

"They were just engaged, and he felt himself equal to heroic sacrifices. "Oh, no," she said. "You mustn't think of such a thing, darling. I'm only concerned about your health. You know you smoke an enormous lot."

"Only cigarettes, dear."

"That's just what troubles me. I've been reading an article in one of the papers about smoking, which says cigarettes are the most injurious form of all."

"Well, if you would like me to take to a

pipe, I don't mind." "Don't you, really? They're horribly dirty, and bad for the curtains; but the article said if a man must smoke, a pipe was the best thing. Only you must remember one thing, darling."

"What's that?"

"How many cigarettes do you smoke in a day?"

"Oh, perhaps thirty."

"Well, dear, you must promise me never to smoke more than thirty pipes a day. You'll be quite safe then!"

### Not in Evidence.

In most stories of repartee between bench and bar his "honor" comes out ahead, but the usual order was reversed in a certain court not very long ago, when a motion for a new trial was up before a special judge. Judge—was not famed for the wisdom of his decisions, and his irritable manner when handling complicated points was a subject of some criticism by the baristers. For the benefit of the laymen it is necessary to state that in arguing motions for new trials the attorneys must convince themselves to the evidence adduced and the record made at the trial proper. A lawyer named Smith felt considerably outraged by a decision that had been

rendered against him, and in his argument for a new trial he was rather scathing in his condemnation of both the judge and jury's action. In the midst of a volley of sarcastic reflections, Judge—interrupted the excited pleader and testily remarked:

"See here, Mr. Smith, you ought to admit that the Court has some little sense."

"But, your honor," replied the attorney quickly, "we are not bound by anything that was not disclosed at the trial."

In a Ladies' Club.  
London Globe.

What is unladylike behavior? The Committee of a London Club have been turning out some of their lady members; and they know. Said one member of Committee to an interviewer: "Miss M—, who had been excluded, had been guilty of the unladylike behavior of sitting on the floor." The Committee have, however, decided to reinstate her. That will set her on her legs again.

Jones—Why do you say she reminds you of brown sugar? Brown—Because she's sweet, but unrefined.—*Judge*.

Political economy has been defined as running for office and letting your friends bear the expenses of the campaign.

Passenger—Is this ticket good to stop off? Conductor—Yes; but it won't be good to get on again.—*New York Weekly*.

Angry Manager—What did you mean by smiling in that death scene? Actor—With the salary you pay, death seems a pleasant relief.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Young doctor—Did you diagnose his case as appendicitis or merely the cramps? Old doctor—Cramps. He didn't have money enough for appendicitis.—*Life*.

Groom—A ring around the moon is a sign of rain. Bride (sweetly)—And a ring around a woman's finger is the sign of—Groom (sadly)—*Reign*.—*Boston Traveler*.

"I refuse to give you money with which to purchase a wheel," said the stern parent. "You are a thorn in my flesh." "And you," replied the disappointed youth, "are a tack in my path."—*Chicago News*.

"Think of those poor fellows who will have to fight under the blazing hot Cuban sun!" "Yes, but think of those who will have to fight under some famous man's son!"—*Philadelphia North American*.

The letter S is in the ascendant—Sampson, Schley, Shafter and Santiazo. The sibilant is sounding.—*Buffalo News*. The letter S is also in the descendant. Witness Spain's sickly smile as she seeks succor and sinks in the soup. See!—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

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### Stray Leaves from a Diary.

AN Englishman in Canada is publishing in the *Outlook* some stray notes from his diary. Under date of Qu'Appelle he says: "Landlord warns me about young men or gentlemen with remittances, or 'dudes,' as he calls them. They just spend their time and more than their remittances at the billiard table, etc., in the hotels, and seem never to learn wisdom, and return to England and abuse the whole country. Heard an absurd instance of a young man who had remittances. He was advised to get on his farm, but he took no interest in that as long as his money came regularly from home. Some kind young fellows built him a shanty, and left him to chink it, or fill the cracks up with clay. He neglected even to do that, and at last was found in bed reading novels, and quite careless of anything. He was taken to the hotel, thawed and sent home to England. But other 'gentlemen' who came out without a cent went to sawing wood or any job, and gradually got on."

At Vancouver he made some entries in his diary of which we quote a couple: "There is a little fact suggestive of Western ways, though not, I should say, typical of the manners of the Britishers of the Pacific coast. I went for a shave while at Vancouver. The barber's shop was what Americans may call luxurious, but it was very expensive. The barber's boy, if you please, no sooner set eyes on me than he told me in the coolest manner that my collar—a plain, upright, all-round collar—was 'a reg'lar cuf, I guess. Fancy a barber's boy in London talking like that to a customer! I said, 'Indeed; no doubt it is strange to you.' He held his tongue, and did not like me."

"One cannot leave Vancouver without recalling how important a factor in Imperial life has become the railway which here has its terminal city. I am old enough to remember the bitter political struggles which marked the birth of that great enterprise, and the gloomy predictions of failure which heralded its advent. Yet here it is to-day one of the most prosperous and promising of the world's highways. It has become, in fact as well as in name, the backbone of Canada's national life, threading province to province in one federal whole. Its arms reach across the Pacific to China and Japan on the one hand and Australasia on the other, giving England a new place of power in the coming trade struggle round the shores of the Pacific. It only awaits the perfecting of the Atlantic link in this Imperial chain of communications by the establishment of a fast Canadian-Transatlantic service to make sure Canada's position of pride as a worthy half-way house of Empire."

How to Select a Boy. A gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?" "You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly."

"He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor and replaced it upon the table, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, his hair in order; when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean. "Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me."

George—You would make a good magician, Miss Sweetly. Miss Sweetly (who has just promised to be a sister to George)—And how so? George—Slight of hand, you know.—*Judge*.

He—You appear to be angry with my friend from the West; but you mustn't mind what he says. He's a rough diamond, you know. She—Then I shall assist in cutting him.—*Puck*.

The lady in the sun-bonnet—Oh, I guess you think whatever you say goes! The lady in the curl-papers—If you hear it, it does; it goes all over the neighborhood.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Doyle—Shea chose a novel method of committing suicide. Duggan—How did

he do th' trick? Doyle—He attended an East Side mask ball riprintin' a Spanish To-ray-re-ray-dor.—*Puck*.

"Say, pa," asked the little son of a railway conductor, "what's an exchequer?" "An ex-checker!" exclaimed the ticket-puncher; "why, that must be a retired baggage-man."—*Chicago News*.

Mrs. Wiggles—I didn't know that Mr. Binks had a title. Mrs. Waggles—Neither did I. What is it? Mrs. Wiggles—Well, his servant says that everything comes addressed "James Binks, C.O.D."—*Somerville (Mass.) Journal*.

Possible Boarder—Now, my friend, I enjoyed my dinner very much, and if it was a fair sample of your meals I should like to come to terms. Farmer—Fust of all, stranger, was that a fair sample of your appetite!—*Brooklyn Life*.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

McGREGOR—Trenton, July 12, Mrs. O. P. McGREGOR—a son.  
CHANNELL—Calgary, June 9, Mrs. William Wyndham Channell—a son.  
DEACON—July 13, Mrs. A. R. Deacon—a daughter.  
BAXTER—July 14, Mrs. James B. Baxter—a daughter.  
CHRISTIE—July 14, Mrs. R. J. Christie—a son.  
GORDON—July 12, Mrs. Andrew Robertson—a daughter.  
WALKER—July 14, Mrs. Charles Walker—a daughter.  
BURTON—Buffalo, July 8, Mrs. F. L. Burton—a son.

#### Marriages.

McINTOSH—HARRIS—Baltimore, July 12, Hugh Fraser McIntosh to Ellen Mary Harris.  
POOLE—TOYE—July 13, George Poole to Ella G. Toye.  
RICHARDSON—WARDLAW—June 22, John Coleman Richardson to Grace Helen Wardlaw.  
SULLIVAN—ROSS—Stuyver, July 13, A. J. F. Sullivan to Emeline Ross.  
WHEATON—SHAW—July 20, Charles Frederick Wheaton to Ida Shaw.  
WILSON—REID—Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, July 13, John Hart Wilson to Elizabeth Helen Reid.  
ROBINSON—TREMAYNE—Blenheim, July 7, Thomas R. Robinson to Elizabeth Tremayne.

#### Deaths.

BROWN—July 19, Dr. James Brown, aged 82.  
BEATTY—obit. July 15, John Beatty, M.D., aged 89.  
HAMILTON—July 15, Elizabeth Crawford, aged 84.  
NOBLE—July 14, Charles Henry Noble, aged 25.  
THOMPSON—July 17, Andrew Thompson, aged 68.  
MACDOUGALL—July 20, Isabel Cloudestall Macdougall.  
PEARSON—July 16, Emanuel Pearson, aged 63.  
MARSH—Vancouver, July 15, William F. Marsh, aged 77.  
MOFFAT—July 19, Robert D. Moffat, M.D., aged 32.  
CHANNELL—July 11, Julia Wyndham Channell, aged 22.

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